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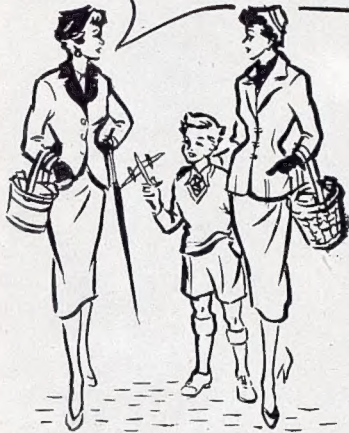


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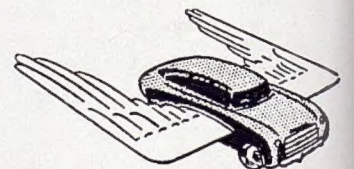


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VISCOUNTESS BRIDPORT and her seven-year-old son, the Hon. Alexander Hood, are seen in our cover picture in their flat in the Palazzo Cardelli, Rome. The Viscountess, who is the daughter of Mr. Johan van Meurs, married the third Viscount Bridport and Duke of Brontë (a title derived from his descent from Nelson) in 1946. Lord and Lady Bridport devote most of their time to running a beautiful and extensive estate in the province of Catania, Sicily, and are making a great success of farming there. Among Lady Bridport's interests is the study of antique furniture and décor. The photograph was taken by Michael Dunne

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From July 13 to July 20

July 13 (Wed.) Second day of Royal Ascot. Royal Hunt Cup and Gold Cup.

First night of *Twenty Minutes South* at the St. Martin's Theatre.

Mrs. John Wynne-Williams's dance for Miss Patricia Wynne-Williams, at the Dorchester.

Cricket: Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's (three days).

Racing: Ripon (one day).

July 14 (Thur.) Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace.

Third day of Royal Ascot.

First night of *Wild Thyme* at the Duke of York's Theatre.

Mrs. E. Ellsworth-Jones's dance for Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth-Jones, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Mrs. Edward Gage's dance for Miss Elizabeth Gage at Park House, Pelham Street.

Royal Ocean Racing Club. Cowes to Dinard race.

July 15 (Fri.) Fourth day of Royal Ascot.

Prince Philip attends A.A.A. Championships at the White City (two days).

Hampshire Red Cross Ball at Shawford Park, Winchester.

Lady Irwin gives a small dance for the Hon. Caroline Wood at Ascot.

Mrs. R. Gresham Cooke's dance for Miss Vivien Gresham Cooke at Hidden Cottage, Hungerford.

Racing: Hamilton Park, Manchester (evening meetings).

July 16 (Sat.) Mrs. Dudley Beven's small dance for Miss Elizabeth Beven at Stoke Lodge, Bishopstoke, Hants.

Mrs. Richard Mack and Mrs. Geoffrey Paine's dance for Miss Elizabeth Mack and Miss Elizabeth Paine at Exton House, near Droxford, Hants, lent by Capt. and Mrs. Du Boulay.

Lady Sophia Schilizzi's dance for Miss Gabrielle Schilizzi at Deene Park, Northampton.

Polo: Finals, County Cup and Junior County Cup, Roehampton.

Cricket: Surrey v. South Africans, at the Oval (also 18th and 19th); Middlesex v. Yorkshire, at Lord's.

Coaching: Meet of the Coaching Club at the Magazine, Hyde Park, at 11.30 a.m.

Motor Racing: British Grand Prix at Aintree.

Racing: Ascot Heath (King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes); Newcastle, Manchester and Hamilton Park (one day each).

July 17 (Sun.) Polo: Brecknock Cup finals, Cowdray.

July 18 (Mon.) The Queen visits Kennington Oval to see the second day of Surrey v. South Africans.

International Horse Show at White City (to 23rd).

Lady (Donald) Anderson, Mrs. A. D. Marris and Mrs. Michael Pumphrey give a dance for Miss Gillian Anderson, Miss Tessa Marris and Miss Charlotte Pumphrey at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Racing: Ayr, Folkestone, Leicester (two days each).

July 19 (Tue.) The Queen holds an Investiture at Buckingham Palace.

Commonwealth Exhibition and Market, Marlborough House grounds (two days).

Viscountess Kemsley and Lady Helen Berry's dance for Miss Jane Berry at Chandos House.

July 20 (Wed.) Her Majesty and Prince Philip attend the final of the King George V Gold Cup at the White City.

Joint dance: Mrs. John Coats for Miss Mary Coats, and Mrs. Hervey-Bathurst for Miss Selina Hervey-Bathurst, at 23 Knightsbridge.

Mrs. Richard Hammer's small dance for Miss Sara Hammer, at Westwood, Ascot.

Cricket: Middlesex v. Northampton, at Lord's.

National Air Race (King's Cup) Meeting at Baginton, Warwickshire.

Racing: Kempton Park, Lanark (two days each).

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CHANGING VIEWPOINT

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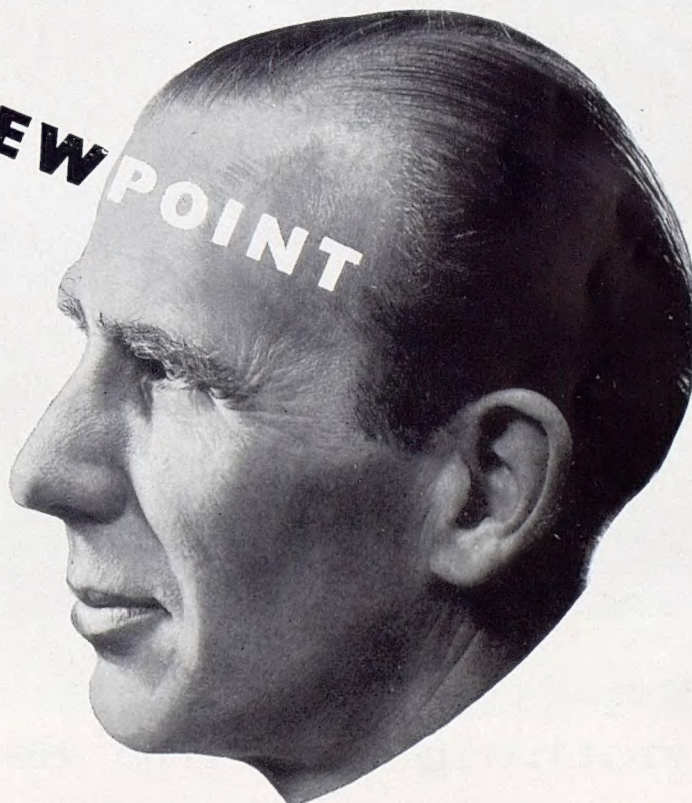
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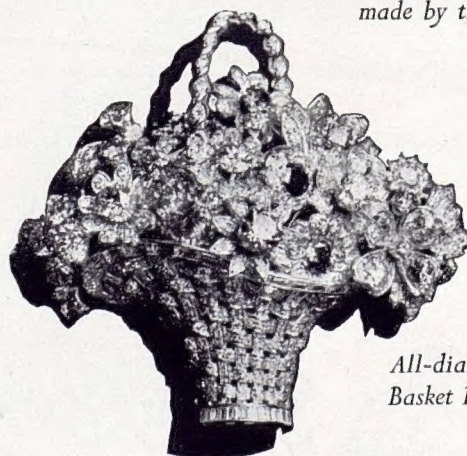
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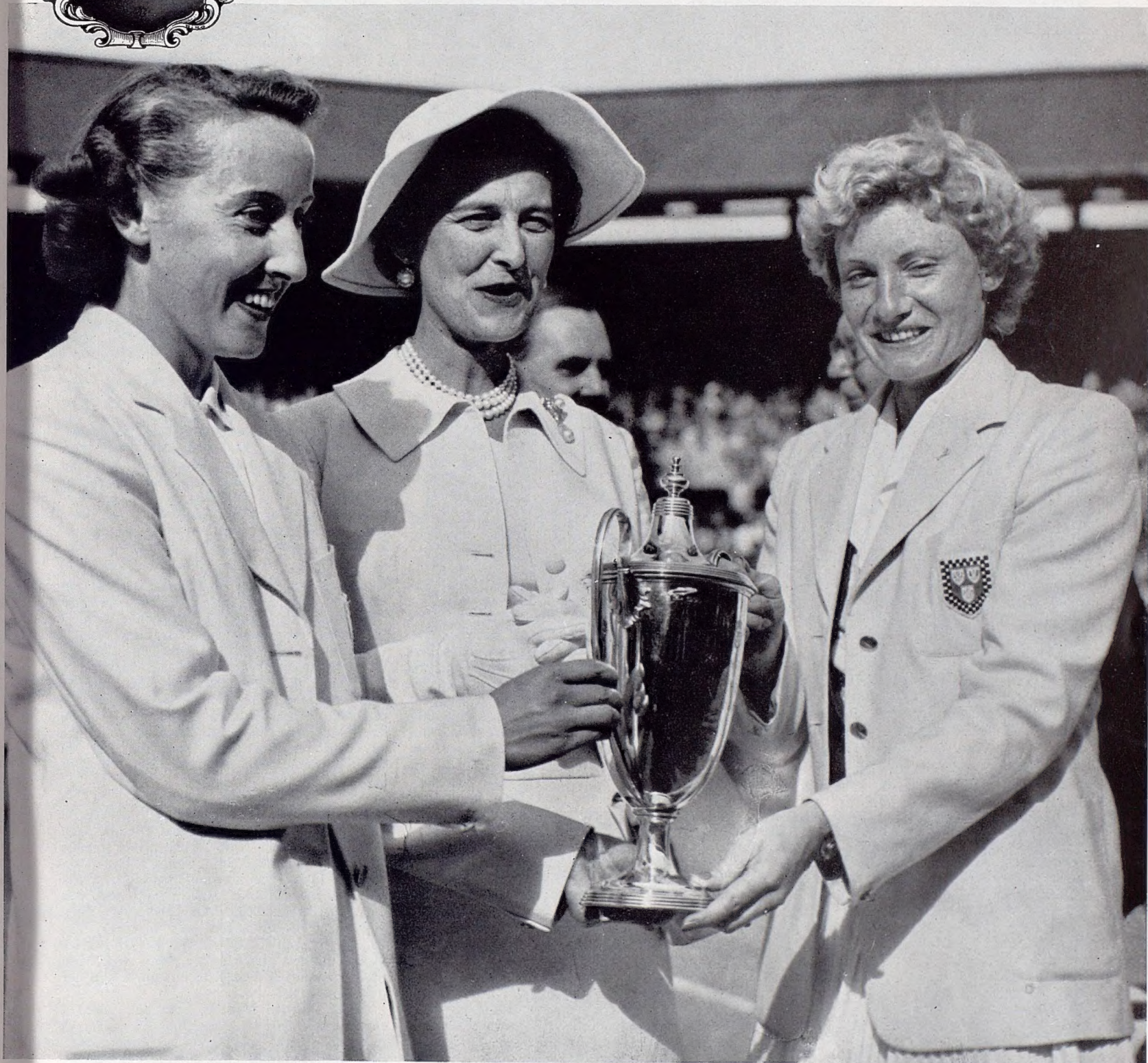
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The Duchess smiled on a great victory

FOR the first time since 1937 a Wimbledon lawn tennis title came this year to Britain, in the form of the Ladies Doubles championship. Here, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, a great lawn tennis enthusiast, is presenting the trophy to the winning pair, Miss Angela Mortimer (left) and Miss Ann Shilcock, who had defeated Miss Shirley Bloomer and Miss Pat Ward, the other finalists, also of Great Britain, in two straight sets, 7-5, 6-1

PRINCE PHILIP —TUGMASTER

AS Colonel-in-Chief of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, Prince Philip spent an afternoon of his stay in Scotland with the 4/5th Battalion at Volunteer Park, Hawick. He was here, as referee of the tug-o'-war in the inter-Company games, about to give the order "Take the strain." This was one of the occasions when Prince Philip used a helicopter to enable him to fulfil closely spaced engagements



Social Journal

Jennifer

THE QUEEN AT HOLYROODHOUSE

I FLEW up to Edinburgh for a brief visit when the Queen and Prince Philip were in residence at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. They both had a very busy programme of official engagements for nearly ten days, not only in Edinburgh, but also in Dundee, Glasgow, Hawick, Falkirk and other parts of Scotland. For some of the more distant of these the Duke found a helicopter most useful for his travels.

During their stay Her Majesty held an afternoon presentation party at Holyroodhouse. On this and other Royal occasions the Queen's Bodyguard for Scotland, the Royal Company of Archers, in their exceptionally picturesque dark green uniforms, was on duty under the command of Capt. General the Earl of Stair, Gold Stick for Scotland. The Rt. Hon. James Stuart, Secretary of State for Scotland, was also present as Minister in attendance.

At the presentation party Mrs. John G. Banks, wife of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, wearing an ensemble of mocha coloured lace with a little hat of blue flowers, was presented by the Duchess of Buccleuch, who wore a pink and beige imprimé with a little cap of feathers. The Countess of Rosebery in a navy blue dress and large hat presented her daughter-in-law Lady Primrose, in a blue-green dress trimmed with black velvet ribbons and a straw hat to match.

VISCOUNTESS MELGUND, another lovely young married there, wore pale blue flowered shantung. She was presented by her mother-in-law, the Countess of Minto, who the previous day, with the Earl of Wemyss, had received the Queen at a garden party held at The Drum, Gilmerton, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton More-Nisbet. Lady Minto was chairman of the committee who organized this party, at which the guests—more than

5,000—were all members of welfare organizations throughout Scotland.

Among the young girls who made their curtsy to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the Holyroodhouse party were Miss Hermione Faulkner in a printed pink silk dress and little black hat, who was presented by her mother the Countess of Dundee, Miss Ruth Huggins presented by her mother, Lady Huggins, and Miss Elizabeth Hutchison, who was presented by her mother, Lady Hutchison. She is the daughter of Sir William Hutchison, who as president of the Royal Scottish Academy received the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh next day when they visited the Academy. Other young girls presented included Lady Margaret Sinclair, daughter of the Earl of Caithness, Miss Margaret Fraser who was presented by her mother—her father, Major Charles Fraser, is Albany Herald—and Miss Rosemary Harrison who, wearing a navy blue organza dress, was presented by her mother, Mrs. Alexander Harrison, who lives in Edinburgh.

I N the evening, after the Royal presentation party, there was a Presentation Day Ball, held at the Assembly Rooms in aid of the National Funds of the British Legion in Scotland. This was a very gay affair attended by several hundred guests including many who had attended the Royal occasion earlier in the day. The Countess of Mar and Kellie, who looked charming in a cream brocade dress with a sunray diamond tiara, was chairman of the ball and received the guests with the Earl of Mar and Kellie.

Not only was the big ballroom used for dancing but also the fine music hall, so that there was plenty of room to dance the many reels and Scottish country dances on the programme. Superb flowers were arranged everywhere, and these I heard had been done

by Lady MacMillan of MacMillan and her daughter, who are going to specialize in floral decoration. It was a glittering scene as most of the women present wore tiaras and magnificent jewels and the men, many in Highland dress, wore their Orders and decorations.

Later in the evening several men came on from the annual dinner of the Royal Company of Archers wearing their dark green evening dress and decorations. Among these were that gay and youthful personality the Earl of Glasgow, accompanied by his son Viscount Kelburn.

AMONG others I met at the ball were Lord Glentanar, his daughter the Hon. Mrs. James Bruce, who looked lovely in pale grey with an exquisite diamond tiara, accompanied by her husband, his sister, Lady Jean Wemyss, in white with a tiara, who was with her husband, Capt. David Wemyss, Lord and Lady Polwarth, the latter in black, Mr. Douglas Campbell, Q.C., and Major Patrick Telfer-Smollett and his very pretty wife, who was also wearing a magnificent tiara with her pale blue dress.

Capt. Douglas Morton, who had taken a considerable part in organizing this successful ball, was there, also Lady McGrigor, Mrs. Scott-Elliott and the Hon. Mrs. David Balfour, who were all members of the committee. Others among the large number supporting the ball were Lady Geddes of Balerno, Col. and Mrs. George Malcolm of Poltalloch, the latter in pearl grey satin, Lady Thomson from Walkerburn, Lt. Col. J. M. Grant and Mrs. Hay of Duns Castle.

While in Edinburgh I stayed at the North British Hotel, where I found the new resident manager is Mr. H. A. Berry, who for some years so superbly looked after guests from all over the world at Gleneagles Hotel each summer. He has already

done much to improve the comfort of guests at the North British, and in spite of this hotel, like everywhere else in Edinburgh that week, being packed, the service was excellent. Also staying here were Sir Terence Nugent and Sir Norman Gwatkin, both members of the Royal Household in attendance at Holyroodhouse for the week, the Earl and Countess of Dundee, the Countess of Erroll, the Rt. Hon. James Stuart, Secretary of State for Scotland and Lady Rachel Stuart, Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell—he is a member of the Queen's Bodyguard for Scotland, and was on duty during the week—Lord and Lady Kinnaird and their elder son and daughter-in-law, Viscount and Viscountess Arbuthnott and the Earl and Countess of Lindsay.

During my stay I met the Marchioness of Lothian looking very pretty in a white dress with black polka dots, Major "Cuddy" Stirling Stuart, who was on duty several times with the Royal Company of Archers, Sir Ivan Colquhoun of Luss and Sir Horace Evans. Sir Horace had flown up North a week before with Prince Philip in his Heron, and was flying south in a B.E.A. Viscount on the early flight which brought us all down very comfortably to London Airport in an hour and a half, providing a splendid hot breakfast on the way.

★ ★ ★

MRS. W. L. ABEL SMITH, Mrs. Baskervyle-Glegg and Mrs. William Pilkington gave a joint dance at the Hyde Park Hotel for Miss Emily Abel Smith, Miss Myrna Baskervyle-Glegg and Miss Verity-Ann Pilkington, which was a very gay and enjoyable affair. In spite of it being a very warm night the ballroom was packed with young dancers until the early hours. The Duke of Kent was among the young guests, who also included Miss Charlotte Bowater, Miss Elaine de Miramon, a much admired girl who has inherited a lot of her mother's beauty, Lady Zinnia Denison whom I saw enjoying supper with a party of friends at one of the candlelit tables, the Hon. James Ogilvy, and Miss Bridget Casey, another pretty girl who is thoroughly enjoying her season. Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham, Miss Priscilla Gurney, Miss Jane Cely-Trevilian in red, Miss Penelope Knowles, Miss Philippa Nickalls, and Miss Jane Peake, who had her own coming-out ball at her home in Buckinghamshire earlier in the week, were there also.

Among the older guests, many of whom gave dinner parties for the dance, were Lady Flavia Anderson, Mrs. Pilkington's sister Lady Madden with Sir Charles Madden, both only just home from New Zealand where Sir Charles was appointed Chief of Naval Staff in 1953, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Fraser (she has a daughter coming out next year), Lady Cayzer, Major and Mrs. Stanley Cayzer and Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, the latter in Pierre Balmain's outstandingly lovely white satin sheath dress embroidered with red roses. With this she wore her exquisite diamond tiara and diamond necklace.

★ ★ ★

NEARLY a thousand guests went to the soiree which the President of the Royal Academy, Professor A. E. Richardson, gave at Burlington House, and were able to enjoy the pictures in a most pleasant atmosphere. A string band played in one of the galleries and there was a long buffet with cool drinks and strawberries and cream in Gallery Three.

Among the first guests I saw M. Malik, the Soviet Ambassador, who went round the galleries alone taking a keen interest in the pictures, stopping now and then to have



A PRESENTATION DAY BALL was recently held in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, and organized by the British Legion, Scotland, in aid of National Funds. Above are Mr. Charles Barr-Sim, Miss Valerie Haultain, Mr. Sandy Newton-Ferguson, Miss Selah Farquharson, Miss Jean Howarth, Mr. William Henderson-Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. David Dix Perking



Mrs. Hay, Brig. H. J. D. Clark, M.C., Mrs. George Shield and Lt.-Col. Eric Hay, C.O. the 1st Bttn., Gordon Highlanders



Mr. and Mrs. D. Crichton-Miller discussing the programme with Lady and Sir Alastair Ransford. Sir Alastair is bursar of Loretto



Miss Sally Younger, Miss Alison Pattullo, Miss Shonaid Grant and in front Miss Teresa Inglis, Miss Priscilla Torrin and Miss Sally Sprot

Continuing The Social Journal

Lord Mayor was guest
at Royal Academy

a word with a friend including Sir John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate Gallery. The Portuguese Ambassador was among those admiring Annigoni's lovely picture of our beloved young Queen which is outstanding above all others in this year's exhibition. I also saw the Lord Mayor who arrived with Lady Howard, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton talking to Sir Beverley and Lady Baxter, and Count and Countess Alphonse Kinsky, the latter lovely in a blue wild silk evening dress, conversing with Lord Mancroft, whose wife's brother, Mr. John Aldridge, A.R.A., has six pictures in the exhibition.

Also present was Mrs. Angela Drew, very chic in a white evening dress, Sir Harry Brittain, as always greeting numerous friends, Mr. Maurice Codner, R.A., Lady (Charlotte) Bonham Carter, Col. and Mrs. Basil Jackson, Lord Webb-Johnson and Brigadier and Mrs. Fowle.

* * *

MRS. CYRIL JOHNSTON recently gave a delightful cocktail party for her pretty débutante daughter Rosemary. This took place in their charming new home in Parkside, high up and looking right out on to Hyde Park. Mr. Arthur Johnston was greeting friends with his mother and sister, and saying goodbye, as he was off next morning to Canada where he and another friend from Cambridge were going to spend the long vacation. They are going down from Canada to spend the last two weeks in the United States and come home on one of the Cunard "Queens" in time for the Michaelmas term.

Among the boys and girls who soon had this party going with a swing were Miss Veronica Gascoigne, Miss Juliet Reynolds, Mr. Charles Woodham-Smith, Miss Lucy Fisher in a pretty yellow dress, Mr. John Waite who has just finished a most successful term as President of the Cambridge Union, Mr. Neil Crichton-Miller his successor next year, Miss Verity Lawrence and her older sister Dawn, who is just back from a six months visit to America, Mr. Robin Hooper, Miss Elizabeth Gage and Miss Patricia Wynne-Williams.

The Hon. Dominic Elliot and Lady Amabel Yorke, Miss Fiona Douglas-Home

and Sir Louis and Lady Sterling were among the first night audience at the very entertaining revue called *Between The Lines*, which the Cambridge University Footlights Dramatic Club are giving until July 16 at the Scala Theatre. This dramatic club, which has become a very active part of the University's life, was founded in 1883, and each year stages a revue in Cambridge. The standard has become so good that last year the company came to London for a short and most successful season, which is being repeated this year.

The show has been produced by Brian Marber of St. John's, president of the Club, who was the leading comedian in last year's production. Supporting him in the cast are Jonathan Miller, also of St. John's, a comedian who would certainly become a great name on the stage had he not decided to make medicine his career, Rory McEwen of Trinity, guitar player, John Pardoe of Corpus who has the best voice in the show, Julian Jebb, David Gribble, Tim Berington and Alan Vening of Corpus, who has not only written a lot of the music but also directs the orchestra extremely well.

* * *

AFTER this first night I went on for a short time to the very enjoyable dance which Viscountess Stonchaven and Lady Hawke gave jointly at Stanhope Gate for their daughters, the Hon. Diana Baird and the Hon. Caroline Hawke, two charming girls who are immensely popular, enjoying their first season. It was a warm night so that guests were able to use the roof garden as well as the ballroom and downstairs rooms, where supper, ending with strawberries and cream, was served. The flowers everywhere were especially lovely and had all been brought up from the joint hostesses' gardens.

Among the older guests, several of whom had given dinner parties, were Lord and Lady Mancroft who had brought a young party, Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. Edmonstone, Lady Anne Fummi, the Hon. Mrs. Mark Milbank, Lord and Lady Hamilton of Dalzell and Gen. Sir Alan and Lady Adair. Young girls dancing happily included Miss Ann Grant, Miss Tatiana Orloff-Davidoff, Miss Sally Whitelaw, Miss Sheelin Maxwell and Miss Veronica Gascoigne.

* * *

ON the following night Viscountess Dawson of Penn, wearing a diamond tiara and necklace with an ice blue brocade dress, had her two pretty granddaughters, Miss Polly Eccles and Miss Charlotte Bowater, in two deeper and different shades of blue, standing beside her to receive the guests at the very good

dance she gave for them at the Dorchester Hotel. Princess Alexandra, in a deep pink dress, was one of the first of the young people I saw. She was dancing with Mr. Nicholas Eden, both having been guests at the joint dinner party which Sir David and the Hon. Lady Eccles and Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Bowater gave also at the Dorchester before the dance. Their other dinner guests had included the Duke of Kent and Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia. Miss Clara Pereira looking very animated and pretty was dancing all the evening. Her father, the Portuguese Ambassador, came on later. Also I saw Miss Camilla Straight, Miss Jane Sheffield in a flame chiffon dress, Miss Virginia Llewellyn, Miss Mary Illingworth, Lady Moyra Hamilton, Earl Bathurst, Lord Nicholas Gordon Lennox, Mr. Henry Vyner, Mr. David Bailey, Viscount Lumley and Polly and Charlotte's brothers Mr. Simon Eccles and Mr. Michael Bowater.

I SAW Miss Sheran Cazalet dancing, also pretty Miss Henriette Crawley, Count Ferdinand Galen, Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling partnering Miss Nichola Cayzer, who came with her parents Sir Nicholas and Lady Cayzer, and Miss Sonia Pilkington looking exceedingly pretty in the lovely white organza crinoline with a scarlet sash that she wore for her own coming-out dance a few nights earlier. This took place at the home of her grandparents Major and the Hon. Mrs. Jack Harrison, Kings Waldenbury in Hertfordshire, and was, I heard, one of the best dances of the season. I was sorry to miss it, being away in Oslo that night.

Lord and Lady Glentoran brought a big dinner party on to Lady Dawson of Penn's dance, as did Mr. and Mrs. William Pilkington and the Hon. Mrs. Mark Milbank, whom I saw talking to Lady Margaret Douglas-Home. Major John and Lady Sophia Schilizzi, Mrs. Peter Benton-Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley were others there.

Guests, who were still dancing as dawn approached, enjoyed a wonderful supper at red candlelit tables in what is by day the grill room.

* * *

LADY BARBER gave a delightful cocktail party to celebrate the birthday of her younger stepdaughter Miss Sheena Barber, and the twenty-first birthday of Mr. John King, who is at Sandhurst. Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin Barber was there to help his wife look after the many young guests, including the Duke of Kent, who had been able to get up from Sandhurst early as it was a Wednesday evening. Mr. David Gordon-Lennox, Mr. Tom Gosling, Mr. Nicholas Leche, Mr. John Magnay and Mr.



Mr. Tony Green and Miss Gillian Watts find two comfortable deckchairs



Mr. R. S. Chivers of Pembroke College, Oxford, was here with Miss Jean Bell



Mr. and Mrs. James Keble-White in company with Lt. D. H. Fraser, R.E., and Miss Maureen Clark

William Hopton-Scott had all come from Sandhurst, too.

Lord Savile and his brother the Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile were present, also Lady Barber's nephew Mr. Jack Sherston who is in the Grenadier Guards and back for a couple of months from the Canal Zone, Mr. Richard Strachen, Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling and Mr. Rory MacDonald.

The girls included Miss Dinah Hartley, Miss Susan Milburn, Lady Frances Hay, who told me she was going on a Mediterranean cruise a few days later, Miss Jill Werter who was over from America, and Miss Caroline Yorke. Among a few older guests whom I met there were the Duke of Argyll, Lady Milburn, Mrs. Sherston, Sir Edward Boulton, Lady Jane Heaton, the Countess of Lanesbrough, Sir Richard Pease, and Capt. and Mrs. Wombwell who, like the host and hostess and several of the other guests, live in Yorkshire.

★ ★ ★

It was a lovely warm evening for the coming-out dance Sir Richard and Lady Fairey gave at their charming country home, Bossington House, near Stockbridge, Hants, for Miss Jane Fairey. Coloured lights and old carriage lanterns were hung in the trees, Hungarian gipsy players strolled about the grounds, and many young people enjoyed the outdoor floor as well as dancing in the beautifully decorated marquee which adjoined the house. There were also roundabouts and swings in the garden as a diversion. There was great excitement when Mr. Richard Fairey arrived with some guests in his helicopter and landed on the lawn, and it was a picturesque scene at 4.30 a.m. when all the young people streamed outside to see him take off again.

The Countess of Malmesbury, Lady Sinclair, Lady Portal, Lady Essendon, Lady Mountain and Mrs. Hervey Bathurst were among the thirty-eight dinner hostesses for the dance. Among the young people enjoying this event, which many of them declared was one of the best of the season—it went on until the band played the last dance at nearly 6 a.m.—were Lady Sarah Cadogan, Miss Ann Tichborne, Lord Strathallan, Miss Faith Young and Miss Shirley Young who had come over from Washington especially for the dance, Viscount Hereford, Miss Ruth Huggins, pretty in turquoise blue, Viscount Boyne, who was dancing with Miss Jane Fairey the heroine of the evening, who looked enchanting in a lovely Stiebel dress with a turquoise blue taffeta top, and full white organza skirt embossed with shaded blue flowers, the Hon. Virginia Harcourt and Mr. Richard Aykroyd.

Pictures of the dance are on pages 70-71.



HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA proved yet again to be an important and festive milestone of the season, when a great number of spectators enjoyed its traditional splendour, as typified by the picture of river activity above



Miss Jillian Hedges, Miss Ann Hedges and Miss Anabel Stockwell view the scene from a punt



Mrs. P. Penn Carpenter and Mr. John Deverell were spectators on the last day



Mr. Charles Vincent with his sister Miss Henrietta Vincent and his fiancée, Miss Jennifer Skinner



Mrs. D. C. Bennett, S/Ldr. J. Crampton and Mr. D. C. Bennett met on the lawns



Mr. J. M. Howard-Johnstone, Mrs. R. D. Packshaw and Mr. R. Mariner await a result

Swabe



GARDEN PARTY EXTRA-ORDINARY

NANCY SPAIN, who writes this vivid impression of a Royal Garden Party (the first of the summer takes place tomorrow) is noted for witty and ingenious detective stories and travel commentaries. The drawings are by that urbane and discerning artist FELIKS TOPOLSKI

IT is July. The haze that hangs over Admiralty Arch breaks up as a cohort of the Household Cavalry, bright with brass, chinky with chains clatters up the Mall. There is Buckingham Palace, and the Royal Standard hangs limply from the pole.

So the Queen is at home; but more than that, the Queen is also At Home today . . . for it is the first Royal Garden Party of the season.

Today a hundred top hats have come out of winter quarters, today ladies twist and turn before the glass, anxious to look their best because for one magic moment the Queen may stop and speak to them.

Who are the people that go to a Royal Garden Party? Where do they come from? Who issues invitations? Above all, how did it all begin?

DURING the reign of George V, the King decided that he wanted to get to know his subjects better. So he started the Garden Parties as an *informal* occasion, running alongside the more stately evening presentation Courts. Then during the last war the fascinating fleets of cars, giggling with debutantes, glittering with mammas, feathers and trains, get about with the crudenesses of bystanders who clambered upon lamp posts to make uninhibited remarks about their collective appearance, vanished. And for a long time the only way that a deb. could be presented was in the afternoon. In those unhappy days of wartime austerity, the Garden Parties were known as Afternoon Presentation Parties. Now the two are again quite distinct.

At 4 p.m. precisely the great gates swing open in front of the Palace and the cars pour into the courtyard. Here come Rolls-Royces and duchesses, Daimlers and politicians, car-hire limousines with hackney carriage labels, a jeep driven by a young naval officer with three pretty girls in cotton dresses.

The might of the press is there, the rubicund glory of half the Lord Mayors of England, a brilliant assembly of men and women from the great Dominions across the seas.

Contrasts abound. Here, for example, a bit hot and self-conscious in his best Sunday suit, is a miner who hewed a record amount of coal last year. He is shy, but sure of himself, just the same, and he is having the time of his life. And here is a Lord Mayor of no mean city, in navy blue, nervously fingering his chain of office, wishing that his wife hadn't put on *quite* such a bright hat. And over there, like glorious fluttering butterflies, putting the pink and white West to shame, are some lovely ladies from India in saris that glow and glitter and gleam. . . .

ALL of these proud, happy people carry somewhere (crumpled perhaps in a hot hand) the magic piece of pasteboard that came through the post from the Lord Chamberlain's office.

The Lord Chamberlain is the man who studies the weather reports, makes decisions, controls crowds, murmurs to Her Majesty where she might possibly be at a given moment to meet the miner, talk to the Lord Mayor, exchange views with the latest theatrical knight, literary celebrity.

He has ushers to help him. But they have to cope with a vast crowd, many of them speaking foreign languages, control them effortlessly, above all to keep the atmosphere happy and informal. Above all, this is a garden party.

LORD SCARBROUGH, the present Lord Chamberlain, is the eleventh Earl. He is a distinguished, mild-looking, moustached but usually silent man of medium height, and will probably be at Her Majesty's elbow throughout the afternoon. The fifty-nine year old Lord Chamberlain (whose cellar at St. James's Palace contains the manuscript of every play published since 1850) has been Under-Secretary of State for India, and is Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of Masons of England and Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding. Born Roger Lumley, his ancestral line stretches back so far that King James I is supposed to have exclaimed at it, "Bless my soul, I didna ken that Adam was called Lumley." From him a great compliment.

He became Lord Chamberlain in 1952, has a comptroller, a secretary and seven clerks, one of whom is known as "The State Invitation Assistant." Ten thousand invitations are sent each year, but 4,000 guests are commonly unable to come: usually because of unavoidable absence from Great Britain.

The lawns of Buckingham Palace are like those of a great country house. The murmur, the chatter of 6,000 guests is swallowed up by the greenery and everything seems as peaceful as possible. Only a special smell reminds us that this is a Royal Garden Party. It is the thrilling smell of squashed grass and expensive cigarettes. . . .

Then the band strikes up. It plays "God Save The Queen." Men remove top hats. (One Siamese princess is deeply disappointed because everyone remains so calm . . . and no one falls flat on his face. Then she reflects that she is in the uncivilized West where lack of proper Siamese respect to Royalty is entirely consequent upon bad climate, damp grass and subsequent rheumatism.)

Now the Royal Family come happily out of their home, to divide into groups, to move among the guests to talk happily, informally. Nervous tension breaks. Everyone is happy.

Closer presses the crowd. Two tight rings form, one round Prince Philip, the other round the Queen. People converge, jump up and down a little, hoping to have a look. They press eagerly into the tea tent, they secrete pieces of cake in handbags, trouser pockets. It is a fascinating fact that little boxes of crumbly cake are actually flown to New York from London, "as eaten at the Royal Garden Party."

By six-thirty, alas, it is all over. Cars leave. The sun goes down. And on the great lawns nothing remains to show that 6,000 people came here to smoke cigarettes, eat cake, to talk and laugh and relax.

Nothing remains, that is, but a memory: that for one afternoon the Queen came out upon her lawn and talked to her guests. And so 6,000 people know that lovely and miraculous things do still happen.



Right: The Royal Thames Y.C. Syndicate's new six metre, Royal Thames, making the most of a light wind with her spinnaker set. Far right: Mr. Owen Aisher's new 5.5 metre, Yeoman IV, which finished third in her class on the first day, with Major Digby R. Peel's Quail in the background



THE SOLENT'S BEST RACED OFF SOUTHSEA

THE two-day regatta at the Royal Albert Yacht Club of Southsea will go down in the annals of yacht racing as one of the most pleasant and memorable of yachting events. The two days' racing—the first the Royal Naval Sailing Association (Portsmouth Branch) and the second the Royal Albert Yacht Club Regatta—attracted the cream of the Solent racing classes, the weather was beautifully sunny, and although the wind was never too strong, there were no calms to complain of. The strong participation of the Royal Navy made for great variety in the competing classes by adding to the usual events races for R.N. dinghies, whalers, Stormalongs, etc. In the large handicap class the lovely ex-12-metre Kaylena (Major R. Macdonald-Buchanan, C.V.O., M.B.E., M.C.) won a well-deserved victory on the first day, while on the second day Mr. R. Burton's Norlethe was the winner of the fifty-two year old Royal Albert Gold Cup, one of yachting's most prized awards.

AMONG the six metres, notable was the first appearance of Mr. C. A. S. Parker's new boat the Clyde, and the first defeat of the Royal Thames on the second day by Col. J. E. Harrison's Marylette. In the absence of Col. Perry's Vision—on her way to Scandinavia—Yolaine won both days in the 5.5-metre class. Dragons from Cowes and elsewhere had fine racing with the new Tania (K. H. Preston and J. Raymond) the winner on both days, and in the Swallow Class the Glanville twins won after a fight with the latest boat, Blithe Spirit (E. J. K. Patten), whereas on the second day they did not win—for the first time this season Hirondele (A. J. and D. H. Ireland) was first. The Bembridge Redwings, whose class was won by Mrs. Michael Wood's Svalan, came over in force to add colour to this successful meeting, and so did the Seaview Mermaids for the first time.

—Gabor Denes



Major C. Penney, Hon. Sailing Secretary (left), Mrs. Nicholson and Mr. John W. Nicholson, Commodore of the Royal Albert Y.C., watching the racing from the clubhouse balcony



Cdr. I. L. M. McGeoch, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., Rear-Admiral T. Gurnell, C.B. (retd.), official timekeeper, Lt.-Cdr. G. Blackwood, D.S.C., R.N., Regatta Secretary, and Lt. M. G. M. Smith, R.N.V.R



Mr. R. R. Burton's Norlethe, winner of the coveted Royal Albert Gold Cup by 25 seconds from Major R. MacDonald-Buchanan's Kaylena, which had beaten her the previous day in the handicap class for 27 foot and over



Mr. Iorys Hughes, a prominent member of the Royal Ocean Racing Club, Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Arthur Robb were enjoying the sight of a keen race among the Dragons, in ideal conditions and setting



Mr. John Glanville, Vice-Commodore of the Royal Albert Y.C., Mrs. Hannen, Mr. Christopher Nicholson, Mrs. Glanville and Cdr. Eric Hannen, R.N., had just returned from racing in Mr. J. W. Nicholson's Tarbaby

Gabor Denes



ON A FINE SUMMER'S DAY, Mr. Michael Young, of Cowdrays, East Hendred, captained his own team against East Hendred village, who won by 95 runs, having declared at 220 for six wickets. Above, Mr. James Guise, Mr. Michael Young, Miss Geraldine Wallace and Miss Carol Catley



Miss Daphne Hudson and M. Guy Danet at Cowdrays, where Mrs. James Young was hostess

Miss Sarah Platt and Miss Mary Anne Nordeman were two spectators

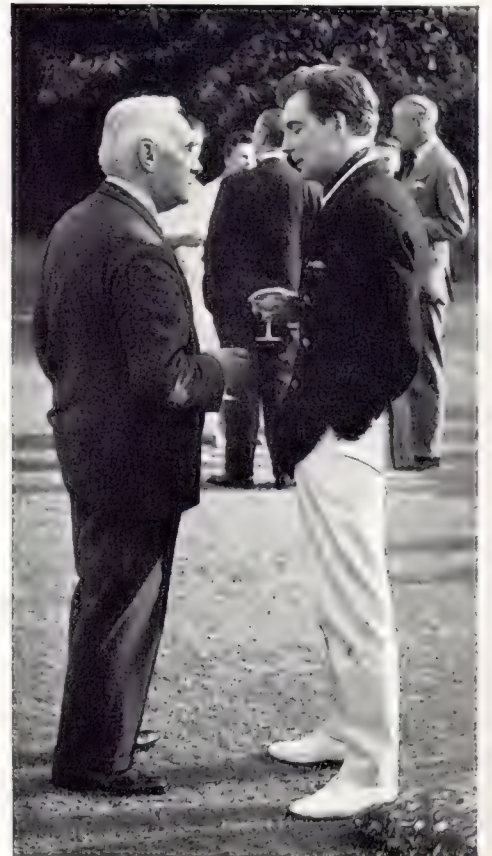


Lord St. Just, Mr. John Leche and Mr. Matthew Bull discuss batting tactics



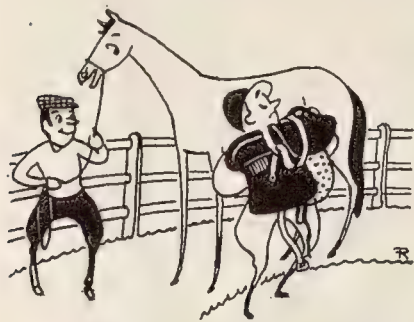
The Earl and Countess of Coventry try their hand at croquet after the match

Mr. Lumsdaine Sandys-Lumsdaine, Miss Heather Laing and Mr. Graham Laing



Lord Glyn, who came over from Marndhill, having a drink with Mr. Julian Plowden

Swaebe



At The Races

A LADIES' YEAR

IN the present rather complex state of the three-year-old form, in two countries if not three, the question would seem to be "How good or how bad is X?" It does not matter so much what any horse wins, but it does matter quite a lot what is behind him when he does it. They all look to be galloping very fast past trees; but I fear that some of us are apt to forget that trees are solidly rooted in the ground!

This Irish Derby result, for instance, made it obvious that anyone who believed that Hugh Lupus would have won our Derby, and was a level money chance for the Irish one over a far easier mile and a half at the Curragh, must have misinterpreted two gallops. Private performances, incidentally, are quite often misleading. The one before our Derby was probably too flattering, and the one before the Irish one just plain wrong; yet Hugh Lupus must have shown them something, for hard-headed racing people like the Irish owners and trainers do not go chasing hares. They prefer something much more solid.

As things stand Hugh Lupus is badly discredited, and our own situation in England not exactly good, to put it mildly! We have no right to think that we have a good three-year-old colt, but we may have a first-class filly. Meld may be another Sceptre. We do not know yet, but let us hope that she is for Lady Zia Wernher's sake. Anyway, it looks as if the last of our classics might be a match between two fair ladies, Lady Zia Wernher and Mme. Volterra.

How they feel about things in Ireland we do not yet know, but obviously they are convinced that Panaslipper is well worth holding on to, for he has been bought by the Irish National Stud. This, naturally, need not interfere with his present engagements. This colt won their Derby comfortably; he was second in ours behind Phil Drake, that colt with a devastating burst of speed on level ground, but quite harmless down any sort of hill. There are no hills at Doncaster!

No, the only thing which seems to suggest itself is that if Mme. Volterra's colt can survive the programme mapped out for him, he must be made of toughened steel! Mere flesh and blood could not stand up to it. Personally, I hear that whatever they do with him, his ultimate objective is our Leger, but I think that he may have to go for his life to win it. Anyway, with these two prominent lady owners, plus those gallant little girls at Wimbledon, the so-called weaker sex looks to be very much on top and causes the doubt to recur whether indeed the ladies are weaker than men. In some things they may be, but in others very much not so.

Phil Drake's success in the Grand Prix not only makes him look better than ever for our Leger, but stamps him as a really good colt. Whether we have any hope of beating him at Doncaster remains to be seen. Anyway, he seems to be one well worth watching and taking care of, so let us hope that his owner thinks the same way and will let him off some, at any rate, of the long programme mapped out for him.

—SABRETACHE



MISS ATALANTA CLIFFORD, youngest of the three lovely daughters of Sir Bede and Lady Clifford, was out in the fields with a mare and foal when this picture was taken at Queen Anne's Farm, Jacob's Well, near Guildford, where she lives with her parents. Miss Clifford, who is very fond of outdoor pursuits, loves horses and hunts regularly. Last winter she spent six weeks improving her ski-ing at the winter sports, and has also gained her flying certificate. She is a sister of Viscountess Norwich

Roundabout

—Paul Holt



"... Far less violent in manner than they are hinted to be"

DURING the war we used to share taxis. The habit has fallen out now, which is in many ways a pity, but it still obtains in great force at Wimbledon during the annual tennis tournament.

It is the greatest fun. And the greatest danger.

For the two elderly people whom you help into the back seat are not, as you have imagined, a Darby and Joan, come back to re-live their courting days when ancient and noble champions battled for the championship in knickerbockers and bloomers—they are brother and sister. And they tell you so right away by their overt conversation.

SHE is elegant, dressed discreetly to flatter the calm, pale-blue eyes that seem to belong only to the well-bred Englishwoman. He is a little shabby, dodderly, but they are talking as though they were children together again, come to see Mr. Brooks or Mr. Doherty play this newfangled game.

And the two in the other side of the cab wear dark glasses and are shy and brusque. They clearly wish it to be known that they are old Wimbledon fans, although it is probably their first visit.

During the ride between the station and the court you keep yourself to yourself a good deal, although the older ones in your company seem to have more friendliness.

ON the way back I rode with three Teddy boys. Their hair was half-down their necks and seemed to pour in an oily cascade of elegance. You would expect them to be brash, but they are shy. They talk among themselves about their clothes, compare their finger-nails and their shoes—although they are not effeminate.

I am, perhaps, not very good on the subject of Teddy boys, for I haven't met many; but it seemed to me that they were in manner far less violent than they are hinted to be. I got the strong impression that their main ambition in life is to

escape the common business of living, and that their rebellion against society is more irritation at the behaviour of their elders (who want to push them around) than against the State itself.

Poor boys; lost boys. No life, no love, no company.

IT was the greatest fun inside the stadium, for you could not make out from minute to minute whether you were supposed to be on Clacton pier or in the House of Lords.

On the asphalt lanes, surrounded by boxwoods, that ring the Centre Court, there was a cheerful hurly-burly of people buying such things as candy floss and ice-cream, and many gentlemen anxious for you to know the latest racing results.

But inside, in the sacred oval that is the Centre Court, the atmosphere was

exactly what I felt when I went to the Queen's Coronation. People kept on standing up and sitting down again. People were for ever turning to look at the Duchess of Kent, who knows this game by now, or at Stewart Granger or Ava Gardner, who don't.

The Duchess gave the strongest impression that she was enjoying herself, whether watching the game or walking on to the court to present a pot to a champion, while both Mr. Granger and Miss Gardner got into a fluster the moment the eyes turned on them and the little cine-cameras started to whir.

I saw Princess Margaret give a wink to Danny Kaye, who was sitting close to her; and the wink meant—that party was fun last night.

BUT, oh deary me, the fuss and ker-fuffle there is about the ritual of Wimbledon. The small ducks, bows and curtsies given to the Royal box are well meant and intended, and nobody would complain about them for that reason. But it is not until the games begin that the spirit of the occasion is created.

To my great pleasure I found that everything from victory to defeat was taken in the most light-hearted way.

To be sure, a player would always throw a racket in the air or bite a thumb in mock agony when missing a shot that was obviously impossible, would roll on the grass in agony after slipping on the turf; but you expect that from modern sport.

I have seen it happen at polo, and I swear that if croquet became a competitive entertainment the manners of the more vulgar sports would intrude.

MISS LOUISE BROUGH, the women's champion, who is known as "Bruffie" to her competitors, gave a perfect example of sportsmanship. When at match point, she gave the impression that a good shot was more important than a gold tray, suitably inscribed.

And her opponent, a pretty child



"... The manners of the more vulgar sports would intrude"

wearing pink-bowed pigtailed named Mrs. Beverly Baker Fleitz, made no secret of the admiration she has for the superior change of pace and courtcraft of her conqueror.

I think I saw a coming champion during the afternoon, the Argentinian Morea. He is a huge man, lithe and graceful, with a tiger's speed and a service you can't live with.

I very much doubt if the great ones of the past, such as Borotra, Cochet, Tilden or Perry could match him.

★ ★ ★

A TOMB in St. Nicholas Church, Chislehurst, Kent, may be opened this summer to prove that Christopher Marlowe wrote the plays of Shakespeare. This makes a change from the tedious Bacon controversy.

The man who wants to dig into the past is an American dramatic critic, Mr. Calvin Hoffman, who has "dedicated his life to proving the Marlowe theory."

The tomb contains the bones of Sir Thomas Walsingham, who lived at Scadbury Hall, Chislehurst, and Mr. Hoffman suspects that he is the man who protected Marlowe from the law. It has always been said that the brawling poet was killed in a tavern fight at Deptford, but at that time Marlowe was wanted by the Tudors for heresy, and the suggestion is that Walsingham put up the story that he was slain and then hid him for years, during which time he wrote all or some of the immortal works.

The clue to this fascinating mystery, which Mr. Hoffman says he has been pursuing for all his adult life, sacrificing all pleasure and personal indulgence; lies, he says, in the tomb.

I think he is excited by a mystery. So little is known about Shakespeare. "Others abide our question, thou art free," said Matthew Arnold.

But the oddest thing about this theory is that Shakespeare, too, must have been in trouble for heresy, for he was supposed to be the protégé of Lord Southampton, yet was never scolded for it.

Could it be that a great romance of history lies in the Walsingham tomb? It is certain that seven years out of Shakespeare's shadowy life are lost to us, and it could be that Marlowe, hidden by Walsingham, was the greatest "ghost writer" of all time.

YET, I am frightened of opening tombs and secret places, for I had a great disappointment. Once I was asked to witness the opening of the famous box of Joanna Southcott, which was supposed to contain the mysteries of the universe.

It was a solemn occasion, and our faces were grim as the small, worm-eaten casket was prized open.

It contained a rusty pistol, a rabbit's skull and a roll of manuscript with nothing on it. So much for history and ancient legend.

It may be that when the Walsingham tomb is opened we may find that Shakespeare's mysterious dedication of the Sonnets to Mr. W. H. meant Mr. Walsingham.

But, somehow, I doubt it.



THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON, the Premier Peer of Scotland, is the Hereditary Keeper of the Palace of Holyroodhouse and a member of the Royal Company of Archers, the Queen's Bodyguard for Scotland. Recently, as Lord Steward of the Queen's Household, he received her Majesty and Prince Philip at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, after the Royal State visit to Oslo. The Duke has had a distinguished career in the R.A.F., having served from 1927-45, and in 1933 was chief pilot of the Mount Everest Flight Expedition. He is now Honorary Air Commodore of 602 City of Glasgow Squadron. In 1937 he married Lady Elizabeth Percy and they have five sons

At the Theatre

Anthony Cookman

MR. LISTER DISAPPOINTS

Illustrations

by Emmwood

AN intimate revue which chooses to call itself something that it is not, risks getting off on the wrong foot. *From Here and There* at the Royal Court describes itself as an Anglo-American revue. A few opening numbers more or less live up to the mis-description. The American tourists have no time to do the sights of London, the English tourists in New York have no dollars. A square-dance notes maliciously the American claim to superabounding virility; and three English ladies welcome their country's call to arms with a jolly good booze in the wardroom.



THREE PILLARS of the revue are June Whitfield, making a successful first transfer from radio to the stage, James MacColl, and Charlotte Mitchell, who write sketches as well as act in them

Nor a brilliant start, perhaps, but leading us all the same to suppose that Mr. Laurier Lister has a theme to develop.

But almost at once the international situation is allowed to fade away. It becomes apparent that the only reason for labelling the revue Anglo-American is that the company happens to include some American performers, none of them well known in this country.

Thus at the outset we are a little put off. What a revue needs, we tell ourselves sourly, is not a theme but an attitude of mind in the deviser which will enable him to produce through the artists he employs either new topics or fresh ways of approach to the old ones. It is just this mysterious aptitude that has won Mr. Laurier Lister his reputation.

ONE accounted for the almost instant failure of his last revue, *Pay the Piper*, by supposing that in trying to work in a theatre as big as the Saville he was misusing his aptitude. But now he is back again in the small theatre which he filled so long and so agreeably with *Airs on a Shoe-string*, and we get the impression that his aptitude is taking its revenge on him for having been once misused by falling into a fit of the sulks. Mr. Lister seems, for the second time, to have lost his touch.

The new piece discovers no new topics, and its slants on the old ones are hardly ever surprising. We may perhaps make an exception, on one count or the other, of the ingenuous lament of a native girl who finds herself alone on an atoll amidst atomic explosions and is faintly surprised and not at all disconcerted to find that at night time she is luminous with radioactivity. Miss Betty Marsden is at her best in this number.

She also brings off very neatly a piece which shows a frustrated woman discovering

for the first time the curious possibilities of the tango, and Mr. Peter Tuddenham and Mr. Denny Bettis, as her two partners, in full tropical kit, mutely comic, admirably underline the frolic. She is competent as the air hostess who conceives it her duty to keep up the morale of passengers by finding silver linings in every cloud and advantages in the failure of every engine—how blessedly quiet it is when the last engine has ceased to work!

BUT Miss Marsden has a great deal to do and her present versatility is not quite equal to some of the demands made upon her, notably as the spinster reduced by gramophone records and brandy to a state of maudlin self-pity.

For all her hard work she leaves us feeling that the show lacks a centre. Miss June Whitfield has fewer chances, but she seizes a goodish one as the child star who grows up so rapidly during a long run that the cast are profoundly disturbed and the play takes on unexpected and horrifying overtones. She also makes something distinctive of the film star collecting an "Oscar" and freely describing the kind of ladder which she has climbed to fame.

MR. RICHARD TONE and Miss April Olrich dance neatly, while Miss Charlotte Mitchell and Mr. James MacColl write their own sketches: in her case the actress may well be gratified by the author's eye for her needs, but in his the actor may well complain that he has been given a raw deal. The revue, in short, may pass an idle hour or two agreeably, but nothing in it can be praised wholeheartedly except the music by Mr. Geoffrey Wright, Miss Dolores Claman and Mr. Charles Zwar. That is consistently gay and often more expressive than the dancing or singing.



IN THE TROPICS the dusky charmer (Betty Marsden) meditates on nocturnal radioactivity



JANE BAXTER IN
NEW PLAY

ONE of our most charming and expressive actresses, Jane Baxter, is playing opposite John Clements in Norman King's *The Shadow of Doubt*, based on an anguished contemporary theme, at the Saville. Miss Baxter, who, in such works as *George and Margaret*, *While the Sun Shines* and *The Holly and the Ivy*, made her name as a sensitive artist with unusually deep perception of a play's intentions, takes the part of a wife involved in the mystery—with a sinister overtone—surrounding her husband's profession; a situation which gives Mr. Clements, also, a powerful and dramatic rôle

Angus McDean

London Limelight

THE HINTERLAND OF COCKAIGNE

A MIS-SPENT evening at one of the smaller club theatres set me enquiring about what Trades Union people call "working conditions." In this area the actors' union Equity has no jurisdiction, and, indeed, if it had, these productions, good, bad or indifferent, would be impossible.

But this is what obtains. The top salary at the theatre I visited is £6 per week, during working weeks, which means £1 a performance. This is preceded by three weeks' rehearsal, for which no salary is payable. If the play runs, as is not

infrequently the case, for six performances, the actor is working for 30s. a week, less 5s. 9d. tax. Only starving zealots, or those who have a little cash in hand and are determined to reach London, can afford to appear. Yet if the play is bought by a big management, the unknown player is promptly discarded in favour of an established name.



Sandy Wilson, of *The Boy Friend* fame, has a piratical vessel on the stocks, and the blue-print of a ship of the line

If there is a remedy for this situation it is as yet untried, for a strike among actors seems unthinkable. What unknown understudy would ever refuse the chance of fame and spurn the applause which he knows he is so eminently fitted to earn?

JONATHAN MILLER, of the Cambridge Footlights, is reported to have refused all blandishments to become a professional entertainer, in favour of the austerities of medicine. I suppose it is too late to club together and acquire the services of a reputable practising witch who could put a spell upon him when he takes his final medical exams., so that he may reconsider this decision, but it would be in the best interests of the theatre.

Here is the world's first surrealist comedian, one whose humour springs direct from the fountain. Danny Kaye and Harpo Marx, in certain moods, are his peers, but Mr. Miller's large naked feet dance delicately on a rainbow stretched between Trumpington and Dali-Dali land.

—Youngman Carter

At the Pictures

Elspeth Grant

LOOK OUT, UTRILLO!

BASED on a novel called *Du Rififi chez les Hommes*, the film *Rififi* tells a story of Montmartre—a district, it seems, exclusively populated by cracksmen, assassins, nightclub proprietors, blackmailers, dope peddlers, drug addicts, cabaret singers, narks and voluptuous young ladies who are regularly beaten up by their "protectors."

This Montmartre, so different from Utrillo's, has an argot of its own with which, since the company is so unsavoury, I am not ashamed to say I am unfamiliar. I dare say you are, too. We shall just have to take the subtitle-writer's word for it that "rififi" means "rough stuff"—and there is certainly enough of that commodity in the film to justify such a title and an "X" Certificate.

M. Jules Dassin was awarded the Cannes Prize for "Best Direction, 1955" for his work on this picture—and there's no doubt he's done an admirable job. Without his piquant French dressing this could have been simply another dish of corn—for the story is essentially conventional and even rather old-fashioned, with its crime-doesn't-pay moral and its almost touchingly naïve insistence that there's honour among thieves.

It's the sort of honour which permits one mobster to cut another's throat without violating the criminal's code, but forbids the same man to kidnap a rival's child and hold him to ransom. When he does, all right-minded crooks turn against him and the slaughter that ensues is wholesale—which must be very gratifying



Vittorio Gassman's violin-playing charms away youthful Elizabeth Taylor's burden of riches in the new film *Rhapsody*.

to the police who, while *les gangstaires* are enthusiastically rubbing one another out, are free to trundle peaceably around on their little bicycles or get on with their knitting.

Though familiar in its broad outline, the film is enthralling in its brilliant detail and there are two fine, one would say factual, sequences which so adroitly combine humour, excitement and useful information that they put it in a class of its own and make it a "must" for any student of the cinema or safe-breaking.

FOUR men (Messieurs Jean Servais, Carl Mohnen, Robert Manuel and Dassin himself under the pseudonym of Perlo Vita), preparing to burgle a Paris jeweller's, are confronted with the problem of putting a foolproof burglar alarm out of commission.

With the concentration of backroom boffins devising an answer to the atomic bomb they analyse the delicate mechanism, find out what makes it tick and how to stop it ticking. I found myself laughing with sheer pleasure over their ingenuity and resourcefulness. The subsequent thirty-minute sequence, in which the burglary, meticulously planned to the last improbable detail, is wordlessly executed by these four palpable artists in crime, left me dumb with admiration.

"Rhapsody" is pure Hollywood, despite its Continental setting. It attempts—vainly, as far as I am concerned—to whip up sympathy for that most irritating of all screen characters, the poor little rich girl.

Miss Elizabeth Taylor, spoilt daughter of a millionaire, runs off to Zurich with a penniless violinist, Mr. Vittorio Gassman. There is something so boulderish about Mr. Gassman's natty suiting, one guesses from the outset that no good will come of it all. None does. Miss Taylor is mad keen to marry Mr. Gassman, but he is wedded to his music and flatly refuses to commit bigamy.

Miss Taylor is greatly put out. If he's not prepared to sacrifice his career for her sake, she'll find somebody who is. You see, she suffers from "an almost pathological need to be needed"—or so her father, Mr. Louis Calhern, says. She marries an up-standing American piano student whom she seems to think will fulfil her long-felt want—but after a few months it is not Miss Taylor he needs so much as a stiff Bourbon on the rocks every five minutes. In the circumstances, a very reasonable requirement.

WELL, so this American, Mr. John Ericson, did sacrifice his career for Miss Taylor—but is she satisfied? By no means. Now he must at all costs be built up into a great concert pianist—even if this means hours of excruciating boredom for Miss Taylor while he practises to the relentless tic-tac-tic of the metronome.

I dare say it takes a poor little rich girl to understand the vagaries of a poor little rich girl—and I am frankly not in the right income bracket.

Messrs. Gassman and Ericson convincingly go through the motions of playing their respective instruments while a Tchaikovsky violin concerto and a Rachmaninoff piano concerto are splendidly rendered (off) by Messrs. Michael Rabin and Claudio Arrau. The dialogue is rather good, the production glossy as all get out and Miss Taylor looks ravishing in Technicolor—but dear me, what a trying young person!

"FRANCOISE STEPS OUT" is an enchanting, light, domestic comedy, directed by that M. Jacques Becker who gave us *Edouard et Caroline*. Though no more than the tale of a tiff between a young married couple—adorable Mlle. Anne Vernon and handsome M. Louis Jourdan—it cannot fail to keep you happily amused, for it is full of absurd yet credible situations, and every character, down to an aged mouse of a housekeeper, is wittily observed and beautifully played. It's a modest little film, but as fresh and sweet and welcome as the first breath of spring.



DETERMINED TO MISS NOTHING that takes place on his estate is genial laird Alastair Sim in the new Gilliat-Lauder film of Scottish life and love, *Geordie*, in Technicolor



Norah Gersen, heroine of *Geordie*, is the Highland lass of most redoubtable attraction for whom the hero, played by Bill Travers, suffers much and undertakes some extraordinary feats



Waiting for the sun to shine on location: Jameson Clarke, as *Geordie's* father, with his Labrador, Ben. Others in the cast include Brian Reece, Miles Malleon and Raymond Huntley

Television

VERSATILITY IS ALL

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

A STAFF of jacks-of-all-trades and maids-of-all-work helps to preserve the cosy amateur status of B.B.C. TV. Actors, announcers, chairmen and producers, even publicity officers, might be engaged in a panel game of General Post.

Latest victim of this general utility policy is Josephine Douglas. After a hit in a straight part, then as panellist in "Find the Link," she earned an artist-producer contract. But on August Bank Holiday she is to be tripper-in-chief on a jaunt to Southend. This is not to take seriously a very serious and gifted young artist. Members of Miss (producer) Douglas's first "Tall Story Club" on Saturday include cartoonist David Ghilchik, presumably in emulation of the brilliant extravaganza contributed by Gerard Hoffnung, whose clever drawings used to appear in these pages.

EXPERT in TV as in his own field is Professor Richardson, who will welcome viewers to the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition on Friday. Christopher Mayhew almost qualifies as a resident expert on foreign affairs, though admittedly thrown into lonely eminence by Aidan Crawley's departure to Commercial TV. Mayhew is the guest of "Asian Club" on Friday, to discuss "The Realities of Peace."

We look forward to seeing and hearing John Gavall demonstrate the guitar's use in education in "Take One Guitar" to-morrow.

But however expert the two-legged artists, four legs are apt to be better. For the International Horse Show (Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday) has become one of the annual events which make TV most worth having.

The gramophone

HAPPY ACCIDENTS

—Robert Tredinnick

THERE is a new British songwriting team in Tin Pan Alley, Craig and Natley, and though they met because both were involved in accidents, their success, since they have managed to plant the initial toe on the bottom rung of the ladder, would most certainly not appear to be anything resembling the accidental.

The first Craig and Natley to permeate the grooves is "Pals," originally broadcast by Billy Cotton and included by no less a personality than Maurice Chevalier in his current repertoire.

Rightly the first gramophone record of this probable successor to "Friends and Neighbours" has been made by Billy Cotton and his band, and presented with all the Cotton common sense at the back of it. The coupling to this is a new song with a very familiar title "Why Did the Chicken Cross the Road?" an innocuous and indeed fortunate little *morceau* to be in such close proximity to "Pals." (Decca F. 10546.)

LENNY DEE is probably the best rhythmic organist in the world to-day, and he defends this claim by a magnificent performance of "The Birth of the Blues," and his own "Plantation Boogie." Perhaps one day he, too, will be playing "Pals," it's certainly quite a thought! (Brunswick 05440.)



Bob Penn

JAN STERLING is now in Britain from Hollywood, starring in the part of Julia in the film version of George Orwell's *1984*, playing opposite Michael Redgrave and Edmond O'Brien. Miss Sterling, wife of actor Paul Douglas (also now filming over here), is a New Yorker, but was privately educated in Europe, including a course of dancing at Fay Compton's school in London. The director of *1984*, which is being made at Elstree, is the youthful Michael Anderson, who made such a success of *The Dam Busters*



Mr. Christopher Norman Butler, Miss Tessa Forster, Miss Judy Gillson and Mr. Charles Doughty had been inspecting the helicopter

THE HELICOPTER CROWNED ALL

OF country coming-out dances this year, that of Miss Jane Fairey at Bossington House, Stockbridge, Hampshire, was amongst the gayest and most original. A focal event was the arrival of her brother, Mr. Richard Fairey, with a party in a helicopter, and the diversions thereafter included fairground amusements and outdoor dancing. Jennifer describes this good party on page 57

Mr. Clement Mitford and Miss Ruth Huggins had an ice-cream from the decorative barrow



Miss Sheelin Maxwell being greeted on her arrival by Miss Jane Fairey, and her father, Sir Richard Fairey, whilst on the left

Miss Lucinda Elliot and Mr. Robin Althaus had just finished dancing a waltz together.

Miss Beverley Hall and Miss Janet Gibson





Miss Fairey. Miss Fairey is standing between her brother, Mr. John
her mother, Lady Fairey. Behind them are gipsy music players

Mr. Simon Harris;
Mr. Alastair Gordon

Viscount Hereford, who is the Premier
Viscount of England, with Lady Nell Harris



Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling and Miss
Richenda Gurney enjoying the swing-boats

The Hon. Timothy Jessel, son and heir of
Lord Jessel, dancing with Miss Polly Grant



Swaebe

Standing By

“Wakey, wakey . . .”

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

As a military spectacle, a connoisseur has remarked, it would be difficult to improve on that faultless cliff-scaling raid by Royal Marine Commandos which was the *pièce de résistance* of the recent Royal Tournament at Olympia. One other aggressive exercise, in its way nearly as exciting, occurred to us during the show, as it happens. It involves the massed bands, who, so far, have nothing to do at the Tournament but march about and play.

The scena as we see it would employ, say, three or four bands in an operation which would not only thrill the populace with pride and nervous tension but pay a long-overdue tribute to the memory of Mr. Boosey, bandmaster of the Guards, who in the 1840's conceived the idea of stealing up on young Queen Victoria with his boys one sunny morning at 7 o'clock and waking her with a nice all-brass “surprise” programme. This happened at Claremont, near Esher, a corner of which (with bedroom window) could easily be reproduced in the arena. Costumes, of course, of the period. After the attack we should see Mr. Boosey either invested with the M.V.O. or blown by sepoys from a gun in Hyde Park. Which of these sequels occurred we can't discover. It could easily be checked from the records at Kneller Hall. If necessary a dummy could be substituted in the Hyde Park scene for the heroic bandmaster, though we doubt if this would please Young England.

Just a tort, as the little actress said laughingly when she tripped up the amorous Q.C.

Stroke

Two of the leading actors in a new farcical comedy “spend a considerable time on the stage stroking Lady Boyle,” reports a critic-boy, rather sniffily seeming to imply that this is a waste of energy, unlike (e.g.) stroking a University boat. On the contrary, stroking women conserves mental energy, a scientific chap was telling us, and is beneficial in many other ways.

Mother Nature illustrates this (he added) in the case of the Queen Bee, which when lightly stroked by apiarists forgets to sting. Eminent strokers of women like Casanova and Byron testify, in addition that this practice gives gentlemen in a quandary time to think, and economists suddenly asked awkward questions—say about “tap” Treasury Bills—by women swooning in their arms, and unable to stop a rosy mouth with kisses, find absently stroking their hair a good way out. Mr. J. G. (“Brides-in-the-Bath”) Smith, an expert stroker, used to buy each bride a bag of tomatoes as well, for some reason, but these are not essential. Baudelaire, on the other hand, grew tired of stroking his mulatto love and hit her with a candlestick; a final resort, not always commendable.

Stroking boats is said to be a more strenuous exercise and also gets chaps' photographs into the papers. So, of course, not infrequently, does the other kind, but we can't go into that now.

Squawk

WHEN the original Amazons came bouncing out of Scythia, roaring for blood, their girlish expressions must have closely resembled those of a few of this season's Wimbledon sweethearts, judging by a selection of quite terrifying Press photographs confirming a citizen's squawk to an evening paper on this very score.

Our information is that lawn-tennis queens are not born that way, but start like everyone else with little round pink mushy faces, blowing bubbles and saying da, da, da to the elves. But see! Wicked old Fairy Carabosse is hovering! Before long Baby will be making appalling faces and snarling grr, bloo, bla, to the delight of the odious Carabosse, who rubs her hands and speaks as follows:

CARAB:

These glowering little pets my fancy tickle,
They might have all been weaned on a dill-
pickle!

(Enter the Good Fairy Sugarplum, wringing her hands.)

SUG:

Sister, for shame! Each terrible grimace
Will scare the pants off half the Island
Race!

CARAB (admirably):

What charming scowls these tiny pans
distort!

They will do nicely on the Centre Court.

SUG (in anguish):

O, fie, you cruel thing! Can it be fun
To freeze the blood of saps at Wimbledon?

Well, Carabosse thinks it is, and there is certainly something to be said for a good healthy shock, if only as a change from the perpetual clockwork routine which moves all those noggins. No offence.





A COUNTRY PARTY AT THE OLD RECTORY



The Hon. John Lindsay-Bethune, son of the Earl of Lindsay, dancing a quickstep with his wife

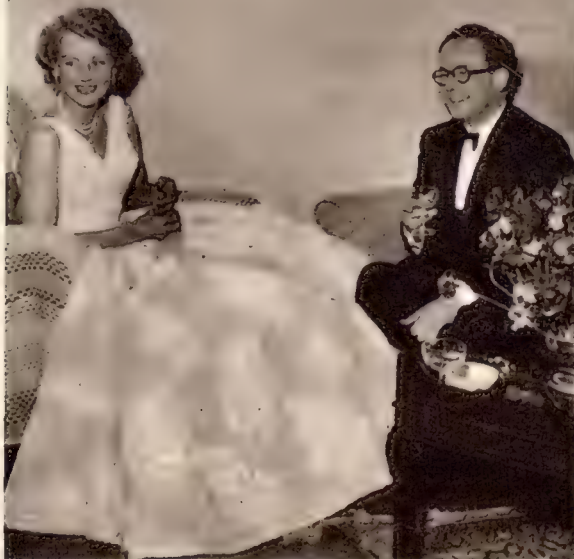
MANY friends travelled out of town to Stanford Rivers, Essex, where Mr. and Mrs. Richard Armitage gave a delightful At Home at their new residence, The Old Rectory, which was floodlit for the occasion. Above, Mr. Bob Harvey entertained the company with songs at the piano



Miss Christine Finn (left) and Mrs. Julian More were at a window with Mr. Julian Slade



Mr. Henry Lumley-Savile and Miss Felicity Ingleby-Mackenzie sitting-out in the grounds



The host and hostess drinking a glass of champagne after welcoming 150 guests to their charming period house



Van Hallan

Miss Maureen Mitchell, Mr. Ilay Campbell, son of Sir George Campbell, and Mr. David Clarke



Michael Dunne

IN A MEDITERRANEAN COURTYARD, Cdr. the Hon. G. G. Rodd, O.B.E., R.N., youngest brother of Lord Rennell of Rodd, is seen with his wife and her three children, Vicky, Mandy and Ginty Calvert, at their Italian villa which overlooks the sea at Ansedonia. With them also are Mrs. Rodd's French bulldogs, Taxi and Meter. Cdr. Rodd and his family are strongly reinforcing the Rodd tradition of improving Anglo-Italian understanding and friendship

Priscilla in Paris

Endurance Week

OUR lads and lovelies survive but Mme. René Coty, on whom entertainments are forced in massive doses (to say nothing of another wedding in the family), has been heard to admit that these all too short nights and far too long days are somewhat strenuous. This last week that began with the gala presentation—under the banner of the Salut à la France de l'Amerique—of *Oklahoma!* at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées and closed with the Grand Prix at Longchamp, has almost vanquished the most enduring hedonists.

The finish of the Grand Prix alone was sufficient to give us all a "crisis of the nerves." The way Phil Drake emerged from the *peloton* (I was beginning to wonder where on earth the creature had got to) with the air of a *grand seigneur* somewhat bored by his entourage and, lengthening his

stride, passed the winning-post without the slightest effort was breathtaking! It was also such a popular win. (We all love Suzy.)

A perfect day. A perfect race. A magnificent horse owned by a young and lovely woman whose winning of the Derby had delighted us also—quite a lot of emotions on such a warm afternoon. No wonder that Su . . .—I mean Mme. Léon Volterra—whose tears of joy were barely dried, found it difficult to struggle with an obstinate glove while she was hustled off, indeed almost carried, to be presented to President Coty.

At the beginning of the week one was able to draw breath for half a day, but, even so, it meant rising at the unheard of hour of 8 a.m. This was for the drive to Reims and, in the cool of the morning it was pleasant, for those of us who were driven, to catch up a little on our sleep. Alas, I drove!

In the beautiful Pommery Park all the notabilities of Reims and of the International Committee of the Olympic Games, together with the members of the Polignac family and their innumerable friends, had forgathered. The occasion was the placing of a tablet commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of Lt.-Cdr. Georges Hébert's *méthode naturelle* of physical culture that was started at the athletes' training school that adjoins the park.

Then followed the unveiling of the bust of the late marquis Melchior de Polignac, who died in 1950. Melchior de Polignac, who for forty years was at the head of the champagne firm of Pommery and Greno, was a great sportsman. In 1907 he organised the first International Aviation Week at Béthony, and until his death was a member of the committee of the Olympic Games.

HE was also a remarkable bridge player, and since I have no card sense this, in my opinion, is quite a violent sport also! As a citizen of Reims the town owes him a debt of gratitude for the work he did in organising the restoration of the city after World War One, for the planning of the Pommery Park, where his bust, by Belmondo, now stands, and for the creation of the Collège d'Athlètes.

The marquise de Polignac, née Nina Crosby, his charming American wife, was an ambulance driver during the last war. She could do anything with her bus from driving it into, out of and around bomb-craters, to filling it with squalling brats (aye, and holding their heads, and pacifying them!) when they had to be collected from Normandy villages in '44.

I GOT back to Paris in the late afternoon. How I managed this I am not quite sure, having paid a visit to the world-famous Pommery cellars before I started off. However, I arrived in time for the latter half of a *séance* of chamber music given by the Jean Barreyres at their beautiful home at Auteuil. Miss Dorothy Swainson was playing and it was a joy to hear her exquisite interpretation of J. S. Bach and Scarlatti on the clavichord. She will also be playing, as she does every year, at the Haslemere Festival, in Surrey, held from July 16th to the 23rd.

EXHIBITIONS of modern art, of the Impressionists; symphony concerts, dramatic plays, comedies and ballets that America has sent to Paris *en salut à la France* have formed a remarkable programme during the *grande saison* and have been greatly appreciated and enjoyed. To wind up with such a typical American show as *Oklahoma!* was an excellent idea. The most stay-at-home Parisians are now quite certain that they have nothing to learn about the States.

Everything went perfectly from the moment when H.E. the American Ambassador and Mrs. Dillon welcomed President and Mme. René Coty, to the last gay chorus of the play. One slight contretemps only. This was when Mme. Coty dropped her bouquet of roses. They fell on the head of an American citizen, Mr. Cummings, seated in the stalls below the presidential box. No diplomatic incident was created, however. The roses were without thorns!

Toujours l'espérance . . .

● Sacha in a serious mood. "Man is an optimist. Even those who have doubted all their lives die with hope in their hearts."



Cecil Beaton

Queen Helen of Rumania in Italy

FOR most of the year Queen Helen, mother of ex-King Michael of Rumania, lives at her beautiful home in Florence, the Villa Sparta, in the grounds of which this photograph was taken. The Queen, who is a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, has recently arrived in England, where she has a great number of friends, for a short holiday. As Princess Helen, she was the eldest daughter of King Constantine of the Hellenes

GRIM DAY FOR ENGLAND. The Royal Charles, pride of the Navy, sailing as a prize to Holland after de Ruyter's surprise attack in the Medway and Thames in June 1667. An illustration from *Salt in Their Blood*, by Francis Vere (Cassell; 18s.), a fascinating account of the famous Dutch admirals



Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

BUILDER OF THE NORTHERN WALL

FOUR years ago, the appearance of Marguerite Yourcenar's *Memoires d'Hadrien* created a something more than literary sensation. Here was a Roman emperor giving voice to himself, in somehow unmistakable tones, by means of the pen of a French lady. There was no question of mediumistic powers: Mlle. Yourcenar is a cool-headed scholar. Yet she did more than reconstruct the Emperor: it was more as though she became him. Can one, by force of sheer contemplation, not only dissolve the barriers of time but pierce through the mysteries of a personality?

THIS summer the question raises itself again, for the book now impacts on English-speaking readers—its formerly limited circulation in this country will extend. MEMOIRS OF HADRIAN has been published by Secker and Warburg, at 12s. 6d. The translator, Grace Frick, worked in collaboration with Mlle. Yourcenar, and the English version adheres, as did the French, to a certain terse, clean-cut Latinism of style. Also, the masculine imprint is not

blurred, nor the harshness of this Spanish provincial lost.

Hadrian, enigmatic to his contemporaries, remains to a degree so even in this, his rendering of his account. The Emperor writes as a man within sight of death, exasperated by the breakdown of his body (which had till lately given him no trouble), but clear, almost over-clear, in mind. He looks not so much back upon his life as at his life, as it confronts him as a whole, evaluating it.

In age, he approaches sixty. He addresses himself to the young man who, at one remove, was to be his chosen successor—his adopted grandson, Marcus Aurelius. That Marcus Aurelius whose *Meditations* were to render him, in the view of posterity, the most lucid, gentle and comprehensible of the emperors—therefore, the one most loved by us.

FEW loved Hadrian. To be loved, one must know how to reciprocate—and by his own showing his power to reciprocate was limited. This man officially was a god—emperorship, in ancient Rome, carried with it that dread, self-dazzling status. Many of the emperors—as the convulsions of history demonstrate—were blinded by the effulgence of their own images: Hadrian, if anything, was appalled. Grim, in his middle years he shouldered the power he desired in youth; up to the last moment his uncle Trajan, with whom relations were so tricky, hesitated to nominate his successor. Hadrian, one may feel, stands out as a challenge to the saying that absolute power absolutely corrupts. He was not corrupted: he was weighed upon, to an extent difficult to envisage now.

The *Memoirs*—and this is their uncanny triumph—cause one to envisage, and still more feel, what might seem at this distance of time to have been impossible. One reads them with a startling sense of meeting a contemporary—here is no marble museum

world. Also, Hadrian—through the transcription by Mlle. Yourcenar—brings to the surface the modernity of so-called Ancient Rome. Not only is what one might call the atmosphere of antiquity not sought, but the fiction of "antiquity" has been stripped off. We see his Rome in the raw, unidealised—the sootiness, the February winds wrenching at the drapery of togas, the traffic jams, the numbing brutality of the public spectacles, the scabrous, ingenious and endless gossip. . . . It is nearly 2000 years since Hadrian lived.

HOWEVER, the Eternal City saw him not more often than imperial ceremonies required. In the main, Rome brought its business to him, where he had instated himself: at the villa at the foot of the Sabine hills, below Tivoli. There, if in reach at all, he gave audience. But the journeyings of this soldier and administrator were all but endless. A map of the Roman Empire of his day is on fly-leaves at each end of this book, but it takes these pages, with their alternation between weariness and energy, their stern range, their devotions, their impatience and their ideals, to make one feel Empire imaginatively.



"THE PIGEON PRIZE," a gracefully-wrought piece of literary persiflage by Alexandre Dumas fils, is the subject of the latest Miniature Book (Rodale Press; 5s.). Its illustrator, Richard Beer, exactly catches the mood and period of this light-hearted work, as evinced in these two illustrations

The campaigns were onerous necessities, the travels not only a rendering of what was due, but a professional satisfaction to himself. Hadrian was, morally, an architect—he conceived of better cities, better understanding, better ways of living. His aim was the maintenance of the Pax Romana, and we are to come to know what that cost him. On his back he supported civilisation, as did Atlas the world.

HE speaks of war and travel. But also hunting (and who better?), philosophy, poetry and love. Greece was his inspiration. During the brief years of the idyll with Antinous, his Bithynian favourite, his whole life seemed to him to come into flower. Self-reproach for some human failure added to his despair at the youth's suicide. . . .

These *Memoirs of Hadrian* are, for all their directness, impregnated with poetry. This, where I am concerned, is a book to possess and to savour slowly. It may not be everybody's book—yet it cannot, I think, fail to appeal to those who, leaving Rome for a day, have wandered among the olives and cypresses of Hadrian's Villa, where the anemones he loved are still to be found flowering in the grass. Flesh-pink are the ruins stripped of their marbles, the split-open domes, the collapsed arcades. Heaved by the earth under them, the mosaic pavements ripple under the foot. One traces out the plan—the Hall of the Philosophers, the island study.

Hadrian outlives his empire. His villa crumbles down the side of its hill. But, fruit of his ceaseless consciousness of the soul, his solicitude for it, his helpless wonder as to its destination, he has left behind the immortal poem—

*Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis . . .*

("Little soul, gentle and drifting, guest and companion of my body . . ." is the translation given here.)

★ ★ ★

NO, no poet could wish to be an emperor. Poet at his happiest, a free man, Laurie Lee has given us *A ROSE FOR WINTER* (Hogarth Press; 12s. 6d.),

which is about three months' roaming in Southern Spain. Or which, one might rather say, is three months' roaming in Southern Spain. For each sensation reaches one with not a jot lost—so fresh, true and unforeseen that it seems one's own. The thing, I suppose, about a poet is not only that he keeps unspoiled a capacity for feeling, but

in), a wedding, a serenade and, inevitably, a bullfight.

FOR insight into Spanish family life I find *A Rose for Winter* without parallel. Best of all, I think, Mr. Lee develops no theories, airs no views. He knew Spain fifteen years ago: this return might have involved him in many heartbreaks—and, indeed, he pictures for us one figure rendered seedy and slipshod by defeats. But laughter and comedy and kindness are immortal: on those he dwells.

Mr. Lee and his wife Kati (whose admirers, all along the way, frankly wished her to be a widow) travelled light. Two guitars, a vast fur-lined coat and some few others of the barest necessities. They were in the mood; so was everyone else, and so is this whole lovely book. Here's a scene at a fair, with little beggar girls and their babies:

With them we went to the booths under the arcades and bought cakes, nuts and sunflower seeds. With them we sat round the moon-twinkling fountain and ate a second supper. It was a gay ravenous meal, and the sleeping infants were awakened and forced to share it. Pieces of cake were pressed to their drowsy mouths; with eyes closed they chewed and swallowed, they groaned and gasped in half a dream, they were coated with sleep like fur. But the young mothers, by shakes and cries and kisses, made sure the little ones knew what they were eating. It would have been improper otherwise.

★ ★ ★

VAMP TILL READY, by Terry Rieman (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.),

is a detective story set in New York radio and operatic circles. Central character, a Hungarian *prima donna*, whose egotism leads to a chain of murders. Narrator, clear-eyed Gerda, a young person also forging ahead—no woman's a heroine to her *protégée*. The sum effect is brilliant, a shade exhausting. Wisecracks, many. But for the deaths, this would be a gay little ballet of the success world. The solution of the mysteries is excellent (that's to say, psychologically) and leaves one with a respect for this new author.

that he restores that capacity to you and me.

A Rose for Winter is what Spanish travel should be. Those who may have a journey in half-view should seek it as an incentive—not a guide-book.

Algeciras, Granada, Seville are the cities touched. There also is an excursion to Ecija, City of the Sun, and a stop in a tragic village of Civil War fame. There are days with the gypsies, and (I think still delightful) more sociable evenings with the citizens. There's a procession (taken part



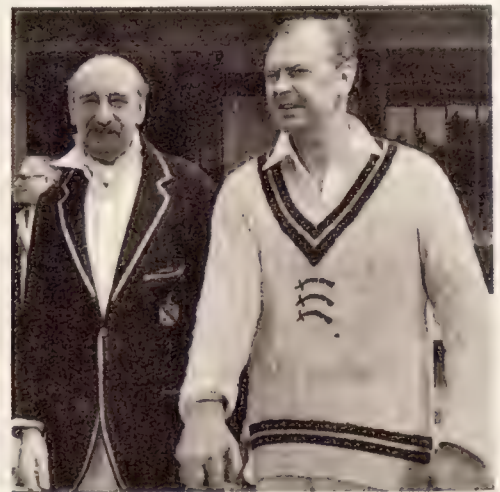
RUNNING THE GAUNTLET of the Lesser Antilles, on the way to Martinique, a crew member measures the wind force. A photograph from *The Crossing of the Copula*, by Jean Filloux (Collins; 12s. 6d.), the account of a voyage of more than a year from Bordeaux to New York by one of the strangest craft ever to ride on the Atlantic's bosom



Former England captain, Mr. Douglas Jardine (*Authors'*), and Mr. S. J. Goldsack (*N.B.L.*) toss for innings



Capt. C. B. Fry, doyen of British cricketers, was a spectator. The match, a keen and very sporting one, was drawn



Mr. Percy Fender (England and Surrey) and Mr. Ian Peebles (England and Middlesex) played for the *Authors'* team

Cricketing Authors Played the National Book League in a Match at Vincent Square, S.W.

Threesome for your holiday

FOR this week's choice we have picked from Lillywhite a seaside outfit. With these three garments you can swim, sunbathe on the beach or go into the town to shop with complete propriety! Together they cost $11\frac{1}{2}$ gns. but each piece is sold separately. Here is the swimsuit worn with a voluminous matching skirt, which wraps round and does up at the back. It costs $5\frac{1}{2}$ gns.

—MARIEL DEANS

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK





The swimsuit and matching skirt is here seen topped by a wide vee-necked black sweater of French lisle, which is obtainable for 2 gns.

Boned-top swimsuit in polished cotton printed in a green, white and black design with binding and bow of black. It costs 4 gns.



Capri, sea-murmurous, now dictates.

*Five examples of enchanting beachwear
composed for the gay plages of the South*

*FROM the sunswept, terraced
island we show, on this page,
first a sleeveless blouse and
shorts in light blue and white
wool material by Tessitrice di
Capri, and next to it the same
designer's seaside ensemble made
of handwoven wool toile. It
consists of bright grass-green
shorts which are topped by a long
straight white and green blouse*



sea fashions

DAZZA of Milan comes down to the Tyrrhenian Sea to show (below, left) a plain, one-piece swimsuit in blue and green fancy knitwear with a feathery, chevron effect. Contrasting with it is *Simonetta* of Capri's swimsuit and overblouse of fine black wool jersey. The blouse is finished with a red fringe



AWRAP of hand-woven wool in pastel blues and pinks. The wide sleeves and hemline are edged with a white fringe. This is from *Tessitrice* of Capri who always designs very gay and unusual beach wear





Above: An afternoon dress of white embroidered organdie from St. Gall. Unfussy design with great perfection of finish

Below: A simple little dress of mushroom pink, close knit jersey. Hat, handbag and shoes are all mushroom pink to match



Switzerland

Steps boldly into the couture picture

AT Burgenstock (writes Mariel Deans) amid a dreamlike setting of Alpine flowers, larches and snow-capped mountains, fashion journalists from all over Europe were recently shown the cream of Swiss wholesale couture. Many of the clothes shown there will later be seen in London, Debenhams and Freebody, Fortnum and Mason, Marshall and Snelgrove and Harrods all being discriminating importers of good Swiss fashions



Left: A great many of the beautiful evening dresses shown had their own matching wraps. Here is a wonderful pale pink embroidered satin dress worn under a deep reddish-pink velvet coat that is very full and lined with the same satin as the dress



Left: Three-piece suits were among the best things shown. This was a rough tweed waistcoat and skirt worn under a threequarter length topcoat trimmed with a big roll collar of brown Persian lamb



Right: Another three-piece. A very plain fitting dark blue and green striped jersey tweed suit worn under a threequarter length dark green rough wool coat



The contrast of green plastic and brightly spotted towelling vitalizes this original bag, from Marshall and Snelgrove. It costs £1 12s. 6d.

Inspired perhaps by the sea-urchin, this container has a hint of mystery, as well as great usefulness. Fortnum and Mason, £4 17s. 6d.



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JULY 13,
1955
84*



To swing by your side

IF you would be a beach "belle," you must have one of the gay bags which the leading stores are featuring in infinite variety. Here are some examples to give you an idea of the styles available

—JEAN CLELAND



Neatly styled, with their small white dots on a black ground, is this example from Harvey Nichols, at £1 9s. 6d. It is also shown open, to reveal one pocket for wet things, one for dry



Very light to carry, this one can be had in a bright red or a lovely shade of lime. Marshall and Snelgrove have it for £1 15s.



on the shore

A touch of chinoiserie takes these bags into the ultra-elegant class. The price of each of them is £2 5s., from Debenham and Freebody

Sponge "pocket" for soap ends, which oozes lather when wetted and squeezed. Marshall and Snelgrove, 4s. 9d.



An Italian bag which will hold everything you need for a day on the sands. £5 7s. 6d. It comes from Woollands

To complete your holiday outfit, these elegant and comprehensive snakeskin purses. Debenham & Freebody have them at £2 12s. 6d. each





Beauty

Dream time in Paris

Jean Cleland

AFTER a fairytale visit to Paris as the guest of Lancôme, to celebrate their twentieth anniversary, I stepped off the plane on my return feeling like the girl in the song, "A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square." Was it a dream, or was it true?

The Customs official brought me back to reality. "Anything to declare?" "Nothing." A true statement, since apart from a kaleidoscopic collection of vivid memories, I brought away only one valuable thing, and that was something on which there was no duty to pay—the discovery of a secret.

LIKE most of my sex, I have frequently been puzzled as to the essence of the Parisian woman's chic. What is the inspiration behind her subtle air of poise and finish? How does she achieve the indefinable look of elegance worn with an ease that conceals technique.

During the weekend, as one festivity followed upon another with a speed that had me saying, "This is a great life if you don't weaken," I asked myself the same question whether dining at the Lido and watching the evening dresses, lunching in the open air at Versailles, driving in the Bois, or gathering for cocktails.

It was at the climax of the whole visit—the dinner party for two hundred or more guests given at the beautiful home of M. Petitjean, chairman and creator of the house of Lancôme—that the secret was revealed.

THROUGH a garden sparkling with lights, and gay with music played by a Tzigane orchestra, we advanced up a long flight of steps to greet our host standing at the entrance of his house set high on a hillside outside Paris. Through the house and out to the garden again, where tables lit by shaded lamps were arranged on terraces, with a specially laid dance floor in the centre. The scene, as the guests took their seats, was like a painting of a *fête galante* by Frogmard or Boucher.

During dinner the talk turned on husbands. "Does your husband take an interest in what you wear?" asked one of the English women. "No, not very much!" said another. "I once had a specially nice dress and wore it several times before he even noticed it, then all he said was, 'That's rather a nice thing you've got on. Is it new?'"

Others among my countrywomen agreed that their husbands were equally unobservant. Suddenly someone turned to a Frenchman sitting at the table, and asked, "And you, monsieur? Do you notice what your wife wears?"

HE lifted his hands and gave an expressive shrug as if he thought the question was silly. "But of course," he said, "to me it is of the greatest interest. When it is a matter of the *grande toilette*, I go with my wife to a couturier and we choose everything together."

Maybe, I thought to myself, this man, whose wife is ravishingly pretty anyway, is an exception. So, the next day at a luncheon, after visiting Lancôme's Paris salon, I asked another Frenchman the same question, to which I got the same answer, "Mais, *naturellement*. It takes two to get perfection. Besides, when my wife knows that I admire what she is wearing, it gives her confidence.

"Wisdom of Solomon." For a woman, to



BEAUTY IN THE GRAND MANNER: London chic is now on a close parallel with the Parisian *tenu* as seen by this classic ensemble where both the gown and jewellery are by Debenham & Freebody

know she is admired is the champagne that gives the lift to confidence. *This is the heart of the secret.* English husbands please note! A little more imagination would be a great help.

IMAGINATION is something we must concede to the French. I was aware of it again in the salon of Lancôme. In the elegant décor, the soft colouring of mushroom carpet and eau-de-nil walls, the antique tables and Chinese lamps. Something that especially took my fancy was a dual bottle for two perfumes, giving the idea of two dancers. This was inspired by the famous ballet dancer, Serge Lifar, who, for the launching of Lancôme's perfume "Trésor," created a ballet called "Magi and Trésor."

NOW, as to the current trend of make-up in Paris, this is accent on eyes and lips, in respect of which Lancôme are bringing out a slim and charming new gilt eyebrow pencil, and a lipstick brush in a similar gilt case.

From what I observed, Parisian women seem to favour the sports look for daytime—a rather dark make-up with little or no powder, giving a slightly shiny look to the skin. For evening, the smart women use two textures of powder. A fairly heavy one underneath, and a fine one on top, a device which gives a soft translucent look to the complexion.

ENGAGEMENTS



Lenarc

Miss Elizabeth M. Rollet de Fougerolles, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Rollet de Fougerolles, of Westmount, Quebec, is engaged to Mr. Robert Brook Bridges, only son of the late Lt.-Col. Walter Bridges, and of Mrs. B. A. Bridges, of Craigweil, Sussex



Michael Dunne

Miss Barbara Houison-Craufurd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Houison-Craufurd, of Craufurdland, Sedgbrook Grange, Northampton, is engaged to Mr. Neil Findlay, youngest son of Cdr. and Mrs. J. B. Findlay, of Carnell, Ayrshire



Yevonde

Miss Sally Kuhle, daughter of Mr. Claus van der A. a. Kuhle, and Mrs. P. Nash, of Kenya, has announced her engagement to Mr. Francis Monteith Erskine, M.C., Kenya Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Derek Erskine, of Riverside, Nairobi



THEY WERE MARRIED

Essington-Boulton—Russell. At St. Mark's, North Audley Street, Mr. J. M. Essington-Boulton, son of Major and Mrs. Clive Essington-Boulton, of Turvey, Beds, married the Hon. Crystal Russell, daughter of Lord Russell of Liverpool, and of Lady Jessel, of Ladham House, Goudhurst, Kent



Weir—Harben (above). Major Patrick J. H. Weir, M.C., the King's Royal Regiment, son of the late Sir Charles Weir, M.C., and of Lady Weir, of Kensington, married at St. Boniface's, München-Gladbach, Capt. Phyllis Joan Harben, W.R.A.C., daughter of the late Col. H. A. Thewles, D.S.O., of Worthing



Bates—Simon. At the Church of Saints Mary and Nicholas, Leatherhead, Surrey, Mr. Martin Colin Bates, son Mr. H. Stuart Bates, C.S.I., and Mrs. Bates, of Rowhurst Wood, Leatherhead, married Miss Patricia Jane Simon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Simon, of Brackenwood, Leatherhead



Porter—Aykroyd (right). Mr. Nigel David Sykes Porter, Scots Guards, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. B. D. S. Porter, of Allerston, Pickering, Yorks, married Miss Mary Elizabeth Carlton Aykroyd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Aykroyd, of Kirkby Overblow, Harrogate, Yorks, at All Saints, Kirkby Overblow

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

THE AUSTIN JUBILEE

ONE's main impression, after going through piles of documents dealing with the jubilee of the Austin company, is concerning the mysterious problem of character formation. How does it come about that, in the fifty years that have passed since the late Lord Austin formed the company (it is sixty years since he built his first motor-car), there has been, all the time, a readily recognizable "Austin" characteristic in all the products of the Longbridge factory?

In the work of an individual artist or craftsman it is easy enough to see that there must be key qualities which provide a means of identification. One man is doing the work and his thoughts and ideas must to some extent find expression in it. But where a company grows to the enormous size of the Austin Motor Company; where teams take over the tasks of individuals, it might be expected that the product itself would become characterless. We know from the evidence not only of the Austin company, but also of other companies, that this deduction is wrong.

My theory is that the originating ideas and products continue to influence all subsequent work and that this process can only be broken if there is a complete reorganization of the whole firm. Thus we can perceive—if we look closely enough—an ideological link between the specification which was issued at the Motor Show of November, 1905, and the latest Austin models. That early specification was for a "high class touring model" with magneto and coil ignition, a four-speed gearbox and a chain-driven rear axle. "Only the highest class of materials" were to be used.

Surely that is a compact of Austin policy through the years. Nor did that policy undergo any change when the famous "Seven" was introduced. That car was a gift to every comedian here and abroad. It became a rich source of music hall jokes. They became funnier and funnier as the car became more and more popular until the whole nation was convulsed when an Austin Seven, in the hands of a somewhat distraught driver, made a joke of its own by getting out of control and disappearing down the stairs of a well-known Underground station.

But the Seven was as much a "high class touring model" as the car of the earliest specification. It held as firmly to the ideals laid down for that Olympia Motor Show of fifty years ago.

NOR should the facts about Austin and racing—given in a memorandum by Col. Waite—be forgotten. In 1908 Lord Austin built and entered cars for the French Grand Prix, and Austins were raced at Brooklands from 1907 until the outbreak of World War One.

The Seven appeared in competition at Shelsley in August, 1922, and then the special team of three cars came on the scene and the modified car was successfully raced by Gordon England. There was the remarkable record for the flying mile of 100.67 miles an hour—the first time that a speed of over 100 m.p.h. had been achieved by a car with an engine

of only 750 c.c. in England. It was done at Brooklands in 1931 with a Seven derived from the Ulster model.

I would like to ramble on about Austin history for there are many matters of interest and many entertaining and instructive events. But I must content myself with coming back to the point I made at the beginning. The Austin cars have retained their individual characteristics as the company has grown. And note also that with the gradual rapprochement with the Nuffield organization there has been no blurring of these characteristics. An Austin is still firmly an Austin, a Morris is equally firmly a Morris.

THE Royal Automobile Club has put out a reminder about the dangers of heath and forest fires and I am anxious to endorse it. It is an important reminder for, in 1953, fire brigades were called on more than 22,000 occasions to deal with fires of this kind. Most people are aware of how these fires are usually started: by carelessness with picnic stoves, matches and cigarette ends. The thing that is required is a continuous inculcation of the need for care.

"HOUSEWIFE" is a term that seems to me a misnomer. Should not the appellation be "carwife"? Driving through villages, towns and suburban areas during many parts of the day, the most unobservant must be aware that the roads are full of women in motor-cars dashing here and there; buying packets of cigarettes, taking the children to school, calling on the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker and again buying packets of cigarettes.

The drivers of these busy vehicles are often oblivious to other traffic. They fling open doors; they swing right or left without warning; they execute wild deviations while waving to friends. The carwives of England are an energetic body and it behoves those who must make a way through their serried ranks to proceed with caution. In country villages in particular I recommend fairly frequent use of the horn when the carwives are about.

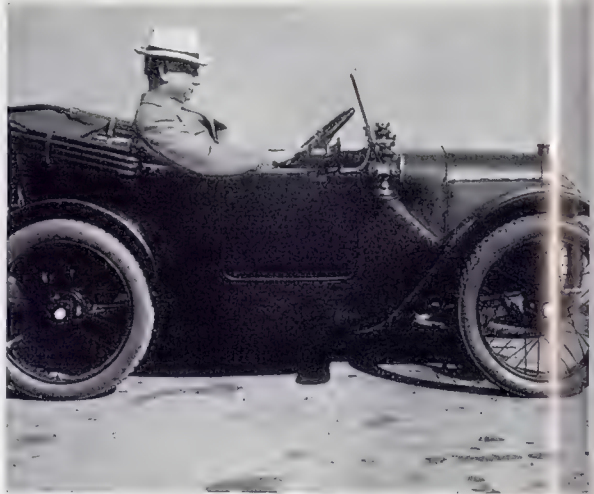
Perhaps it is a pity to sound the horn when driving in the open country; but my view is that safety demands that the horn be used in such parts more often than on roads where there is a greater traffic density, because country lanes tend to produce an illusory sense of isolation even on drivers who habitually concentrate.

AFTER the news that certain Grands Prix are to be cancelled, largely because of the Le Mans disaster, it is good to know that the Aintree Grand Prix on July 16 is to be run. It is judged that on the Aintree course the spectators have excellent protection. Although there must always be a risk to lookers-on at motor-car race meetings, the risk where the course is wholly under control and where the installations are properly designed is small. I am glad that the Grand Prix at Aintree will be unaffected. And as I write the entries are good.

As a footnote to that comment I should repeat my earlier remark that I do not regard the Le Mans precautions as in any way inadequate or in any way to blame for the "24-hours" disaster.



THE EXPERIMENTER. In 1895 Mr. Herbert Austin, as he then was, was already experimenting with a tiller-steered three wheeler; long before he had set up his own company. He was then 29



Sir Herbert at the wheel of the Austin Seven prototype. This famous pioneer of all ultra-small family cars was at first received with derision



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DINING OUT

On the hatching of pleasant plots

DURING the week previous to my leaving for France I had on two occasions in the New Bar at Grosvenor House heard people order brandies and soda. This reminded me of a conversation that took place with a gentleman, distinguished in the advertising world, who propounded the theory that in matters of fashion and taste, fifty years would appear to be the approximate period during which admired things of one epoch become unfashionable, even actively disliked, and then gradually as they are re-examined the worthwhile items are once again appreciated.

It occurred to me that perhaps brandy and soda was coming back into fashion, for fashionable indeed it was in the Edwardian days and consumed in quantity, especially by the gentlemen upholding the honour of the British Raj, in the far-flung outposts of Empire.

Consequently I was much intrigued by three bottles in the bar of the Hotel Messageries at Arbois, which gave me the idea that perhaps the Gentlemen of Cognac had decided the time was propitious to encourage a revival of "Brandy with something or other."

THE first was a Cognac by Hennessy labelled "Henco," and a large notice on the bottle declared that it was "Pour Boire à l'Eau Naturelle ou Gazeuse."

The second was by Courvoisier called "Gala" and in English "For Long Drinks," adding: "It is refreshing and stimulating," which proved to be quite true.

The third was a Cognac of Maison Camus; the label read: "Camus and Soda, Scotch fashion,"

the instructions on the back being a sort of bilingual masterpiece, which I quote verbatim:

"Extra Dry, exclusivement Distillé et Vielli pour être consommé sous forme de Long Drinks, avec eau Perrier Ginger Ale, Tonic Water, ou Coca-Cola. It is the real drink of distinction."

To which I would like to add: "Hip, Hip, Hurray."

I now propose to discover what steps M. Martell is taking in the matter, because it seems fairly obvious that a plot is being hatched in the Départements of the Charente.

BUT this is not the only conspiracy afoot; there is obviously a "grand alliance" between the gentlemen who rely for their fame and fortune upon the products of the grape and those who rely for the same things upon the by-products of the cow.

There is no doubt that, when carefully chosen and of fine quality, wine and cheese form a great complement to each other and more and more tastings combining the two are taking place to remind people of this fact. Sandeman's, for example, have just held the third and fourth of a series of country-wide tastings at Bristol and Cardiff, in each instance taking a local cheese from a particular area and matching it with the best of their vintage and non-vintage ports.

On these particular occasions the cheeses presented were Farmhouse Cheddar (which is rich in fat, solid in texture and has a buttery feel if you crumble it between your fingers), Double Gloucester and Caerphilly.

As an apéritif the guests, which included Deputy Lord Mayors, Sheriffs, and the French and



MR. PATRICK W. SANDEMAN pours out a glass of port for M. Henri Langlais, French Consul in Cardiff, while Mr. J. A. Bullen offers a piece of cheese to Senhor Cascas, Portuguese Vice-Consul there; at one of the tastings described by our contributor

Portuguese Consuls, were given a chilled tawny port named "Picador." Chilled or otherwise a tawny port can be a pleasant drink in the middle of the morning.

As for farmhouse cheese, it is a happy thought that it is becoming available again in ever increasing quantities with heavy support from the Milk Marketing Board, who are guaranteeing a remunerative price to farmers who make it.

The genuine product is to be branded with its own trade mark, and on inquiring what that might be I was informed that in heraldic terms the device might be described as a "Shield of Sable with three Cheeses proper with Azure Surround and Motto 'Real Farmhouse Cheese'." So more power to the elbows that stir the curd.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

The warm South sends its fruits

STONE fruits are the first harbingers of autumn in the northern hemisphere—apricots and peaches from the warmer parts of Europe—and how sweet the juicy little peaches are! Almost the day they first arrived, I bought them in a Soho market street—from a barrow—for a shilling for six. I do not remember them being less than that in postwar years.

They should be eaten raw, rather than cooked, for the first ones are not "free stones," and some authorities claim that the skins should also be consumed because they make the fruit the more digestible.

The early apricots are juicy, too, and larger than I have seen them for a long time.

THEIR second use is in fruit salads. The white flesh of the peaches and the yellow of the apricots make for colour. Add, too, ripe pears and dress these fruits, all of which turn rusty when first cut, with lemon juice. For this kind of purpose, I keep those handy little plastic "lemons" filled with pure juice. For fresh fruit salads, I would peel the peaches and mash their skins with those of the pears to get a pleasant slightly acrid liquor. Mash them with a wooden spoon, then squeeze out the juice by hand. (I got this tip, years ago, from a restaurateur who made the best fruit salads I ever tasted.)

Fresh pineapples, when they are as cheap as they have been, provide the sharpness all fruit salads need. A whole small one is not too

much. Because you have pineapple, there is a very good excuse to add a few drops of Kirsch to fruit salads.

When you have enjoyed raw peaches and apricots to the full, any way you like, poach them in syrup. Strangely enough, the addition of a vanilla pod to the syrup, while introducing a very special flavour, does not, as some flavours do, detract from the real one.

Together with the vanilla pod, I make a syrup of sugar and water to my own liking—not so thick as to cloy and not so thin as to require additional sweetening at table. In this syrup, very gently poach halved skinned peaches or unskinned apricots until a thin skewer penetrates their flesh easily. Always, in spite of the suggestion of prussic acid, I crack the peach stones, skin as many of the kernels as I want and add them. When chilled, that exceedingly simple compote is deliciously fresh.

To skin the peaches: Drop them into boiling water for a minute and their skins can be easily rubbed off.

NEXT, if my guests and I can stand the starch, comes an apricot or peach flan. It is a matter of progression. Make flan pastry with 6 oz. plain flour, 3½ oz. butter and a dessertspoon of icing sugar in the usual short crust pastry way, moistening the mixture with an egg yolk and enough water to make a pliable dough. Roll out to a third of an inch thick and line a flan ring or sandwich tin with the dough. Prick the bottom. Fit in greased greaseproof paper, greased side down, and fill it with crusts or beans or anything heavy

enough to prevent the pastry puffing up, then bake for fifteen minutes at Regulo 6 or 425 deg. F. Remove the filling and paper, then return to the oven to finish off the baking.

In the flan, place the halved poached apricots or peaches in circles, overlapping each other and as closely as you wish. Coat them with a sauce made of the poaching syrup, a little lemon juice and arrowroot made this way: To ½ pint boiling syrup, add a teaspoon of arrowroot blended with a dessertspoon of water. The sauce will clear at once, when it is then ready. Cover the fruit with it and when cold serve, with cream if you like.

ANOTHER peach flan is a little more complicated but well worth the extra trouble. Make the flan shell as above. Add a thin layer of pastry cream and cover this with one of poached halved peaches. Cover with further pastry cream to within a third of an inch off the top of the flan. On top, scatter chopped blanched almonds sprinkled with sugar. Slip under the grill to glaze a little.

For bottling, wait until the really large Hale peaches arrive. They are perfect for the purpose, because they develop a full rich flavour in syrup. It seems to me that none of the others is worth while doing.

If you bottle peaches, try a few with a dessertspoon of brandy added to each jar after processing. Unscrew the band, lift off the cap, add the brandy and quickly recap and seal. Next day, upend the jars so that the brandy permeates all the fruit.

—Helen Burke



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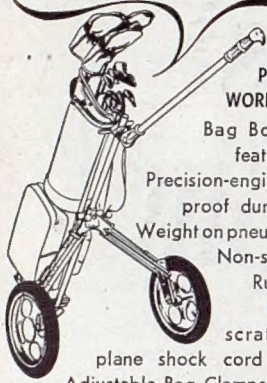
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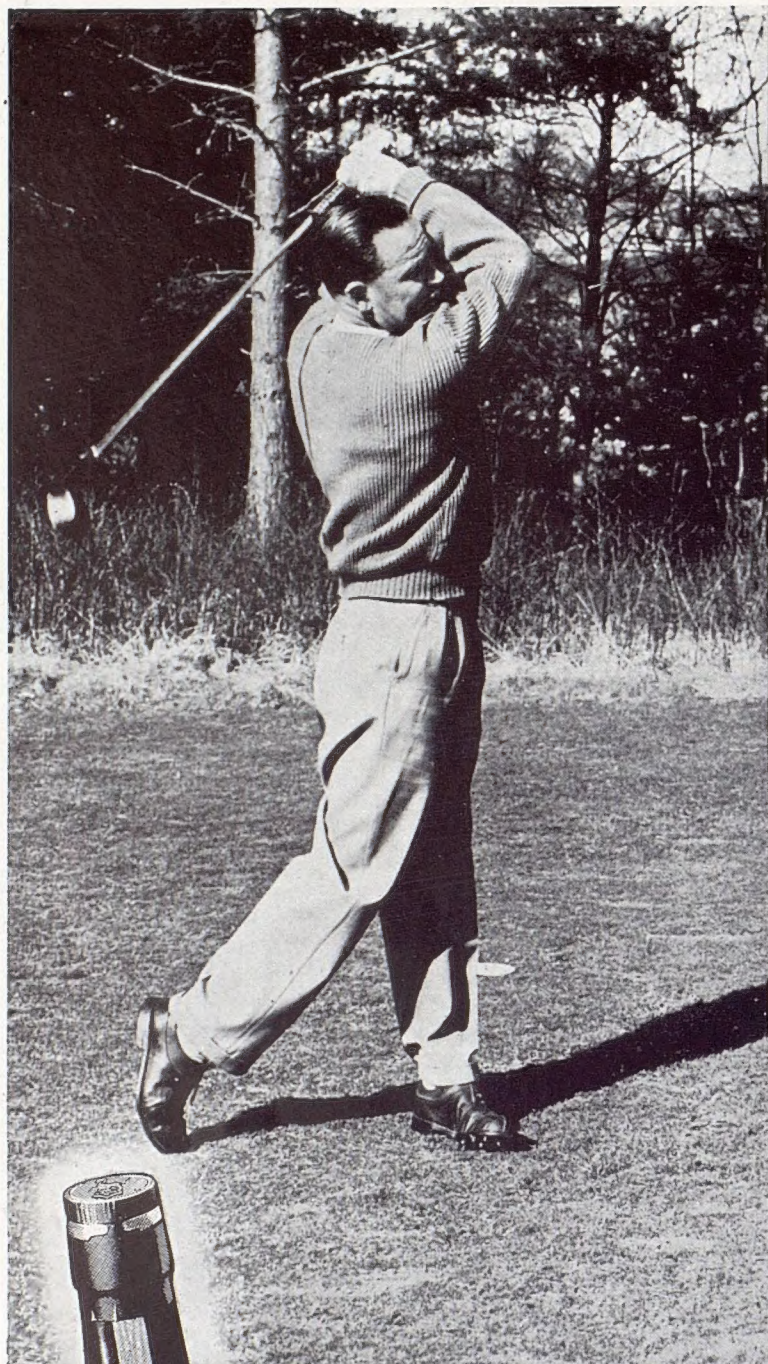
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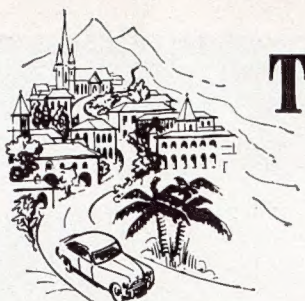


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